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AN

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> WEEKLY <

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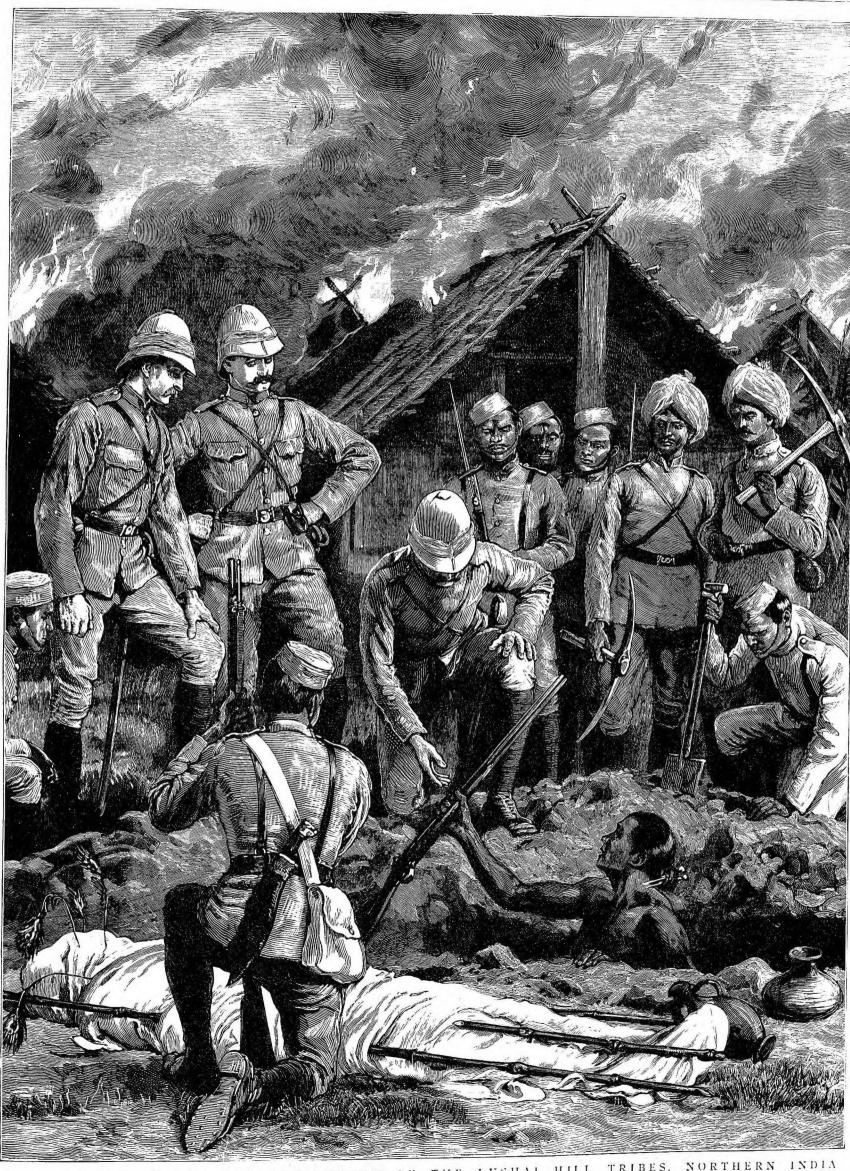
No. 1,014.—Vol. ... Registered as a No.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,014.—Vol. XXXIX. Registered as a Newsbaper

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889

TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS By Post Ninepence Haifform



THE EXPEDITION FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF THE LUSHAL HILL TRIBES, NORTHERN INDIA FINDING THE GUN OF THE LIEUTENANT STEWART IN THE GRAVE OF THE CHIEF HOWSATA

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SUPPLY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.members of the Irish persuasion, General Boulanger sat for some time in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery of the House on Monday evening. He did not stop long, perhaps he heard enough to convince him that Parliamentarism was equally intolerable on either side of the Channel. Certainly, Her Majesty's faithful Commons did not shine as a business-like assembly on their opening night after the Easter holidays. At the rate of progress then achieved, about a couple of ordinary Sessions would be consumed in merely voting Supply. It is to be hoped that the gallant General did not take the proposals to reduce several Ministers' salaries as meant seriously. These motions are merely sportive devices whereby Mr. Labouchere and other congenial spirits are able to trot out certain fads of their own. They wish, of course, to pose as vigilant guardians of the public purse, but they are simply time-wasters. Their sole object is to annoy and embarrass the Government; and their methods, so far from inducing habits of patient investigation, cause the long-suffering majority of the House to vote millions at express speed in order to make up for the many precious hours wasted in purposeless or mischievous chatter. It is really high time to abandon the time-honoured maxim that "grievance precedes Supply." It had a genuine meaning in former days, when the Crown held the executive power in its hand, and only deigned to consult with the House of Commons when it wanted money; but now, when the House holds all the practical power in its own keeping, when the Ministers are its humble servants, liable to be dismissed at an hour's notice, grievance, in the Parliamentary sense of the word, ought to be regarded as obsolete. As matters now are, it is simply a potent implement of obstruction in the hands of any malcontent who chooses to use it.

THE SAMOAN CONFERENCE. There can be no doubt as to the importance of the question which the delegates of England, the United States, and Germany have met at Berlin to settle. The Pacific has become a great highway of international trade, and the Samoan Islands, as coaling stations, and as centres of distribution, are evidently destined to play a prominent part in the commercial movement of the near future. England, the United States, and Germany have each most valuable interests in the group, and it is of the utmost moment, if grave misunderstandings are not to arise, that their respective rights should be clearly defined. The whole difficulty has sprung from the high-handed proceedings of Dr. Knappe, who seems to have thought that his business, as German Consul, was to snub the representatives of other countries, and to bully the natives. Fortunately, his ideas were not shared by Prince Bismarck, who has dismissed him from his post with a reprimand which is likely to be carefully noted by German officials in many other parts of the world. So far as Germany is concerned, then, there is not much reason to fear that the Conference will have any difficulty in bringing its labours to a satisfactory termination. In opening the proceedings, Count Herbert Bismarck disclaimed on behalf of his country p retensions to exclusive or excessive influence in Samoa; and his statement on the subject was evidently an exact expression of the Chancellor's intentions. England and America are in an equally reasonable mood, so that we ought soon to hear that an understanding has been arrived at. A detail which has attracted some attention is that Count Bismarck addressed the delegates in French, whereas it had been expected that he would speak in English. It is a pity that he to some extent spoilt the effect of a well-conceived speech by declining to use the language in which the practical negotiations are necessarily being carried on.

CAPTAIN MURRELL'S RESPONSIBILITY. The saving of life on the ocean would soon grow into distaste among merchant skippers if they found their reward in the same manner as Captain Murrell. It is true he has received the Dannebrog Order, and also a grand welcome at Baltimore. He may count, too, on a hearty reception and a handsome testimonial from his fellow-countrymen when he returns to England. But honours of this sort, however pleasant at the moment, are evanescent, whereas the heavy responsibility incurred by the commander of the Missouri might have embittered his whole life. As safely at her destination, the alteration of her route to the Azores does not matter. But had any accident happened to her during that detour, the underwriters might have refused to pay, leaving the owners to extract what they could out of Captain Murrell. But, though his mind is free from that care, on his shoulders rests the responsibility for throwing cargo overboard in order to make room for the refugees from the Danmark. It was through his humane action, too, that the length of the Missouri's voyage was nearly doubled-a serious matter for her owners. Whether they will receive compensation for these losses from the owners of the Danmark remains to be seen. In many cases, however, the loss of a big steamer would mean ruin to those to whom she belonged, and the whole loss would therefore fall on the rescuing craft. This

ought not to be; whether by international agreement or otherwise, some method should be found of rewarding, rather than punishing, those who save life at sea. There would be no fear of its being turned into a profession, but there is cause for misgiving that the present evil system occasionally operates to the disadvantage of the interests of humanity.

INDIAN EMIGRATION. —The official Administration Reports which have recently been issued on the condition of the people of India may be regarded as, on the whole, extremely satisfactory. Persons of a pessimistic turn were fond of saying not many years ago that under the British Raj, which put an end to intestine wars, and lessened the destruction of life caused by periodical famines, the native population would increase at such a rate as speedily to outstrip the means of subsistence. Thus far, at all events, there seem few signs of such a disaster. Even in Bengal, a very thickly-peopled region, the mass of the population are really better off than their brethren in Europe. The standard of living is admittedly lower; but then less food and much less clothing is needed in a tropical climate than in our chilly latitudes. Still, in some districts systematic emigration would be a blessing, as it is in the poorer parts of Ireland, both to those who stay and to those who go. If casteprejudices could be overcome—and they are overcome in the case of the coolies who go to the West Indian coloniesthere is a vast field for a well-matured experiment of this sort in the tropical half of Australia. That part of the great island-continent can never be occupied by a population of genuine working white people, and if nothing is done it will infallibly be filled up in time by the Chinese, who, rightly or wrongly, are objects of great dislike to men of European origin. How far preferable would it be to colonise this immense region with people who, though their colour may be dark, belong to the same great branch of the human family as ourselves, and who owe allegiance to the same Sovereign!

FORESTRY IN ENGLAND. -Last week we called attention to Mr. Auberon Herbert's interesting letters on the condition of the New Forest. In the interval other authorities have come forward to enlighten the public on the matter; and probably most people who have followed the discussion are of opinion that, while Mr. Herbert's aim is excellent, his methods are far from being beyond criticism. It may be true, as he thinks, that human beings are generally most prosperous when Governments do not interfere with them, but the doctrine of laissez faire seems to be rather out of place when applied to the management of forests. According to Colonel Campbell Walker, who has devoted the best part of his life to the practical study of such subjects, Mr. Herbert's ideas, if carried out, would simply lead to the total extinction of tree-growth in the New Forest. The controversy will have done good service if it has suggested to some of our legislators that the whole subject of forestry deserves more attention than it has hitherto received in this country. It is not, indeed, quite so important for us as for the French and Germans, who, in some districts, would be deprived of cheap fuel if their forests were not carefully looked after; but both for industrial and for æsthetic reasons it is desirable that we should as far as possible follow the example which in this matter has been set by our neighbours. Both in France and Germany important institutions are maintained for the study of forestry, and men of high scientific attainments find that it provides them with ample scope for observation and experiment. If we had a corresponding school or schools, the nation would cease to have any anxiety about its forests, which it rightly regards as among the most precious of its possessions. its representatives in Parliament, it would decide for what purposes the forests were to be preserved, and it would know that the execution of its wishes might be safely left in the hands of adequately-trained experts. The question ought to be-and no doubt will be-thoroughly dealt with in the Bill which is about to be introduced for the formation of an Agricultural Department.

-Although the European Bourses Russia and Austria. affect to make certain that all danger of a great conflict has disappeared, there must be some of the more wary speculators who watch events as closely as ever. Not without reason, either; the Czar may be as pacifically disposed as Continental rumours assert, but there are forces in movement which may carry, him down the tide of war at any moment. At Vienna, at all events, the situation is viewed with slowly growing alarm. Even as matters stand, the resources, both physical and financial, of the Dual Monarchy are strained to the utmost. Diplomatically, she has lost ground both in Servia and Roumania, nor can she place much dependence on Bulgaria. Prince Ferdinand poses, it is true, as anti-Russian, and perhaps he may be sincere for the moment. But petty rulers, especially when seated on precarious thrones, are apt to side with the strongest when any emergency arises, and were the Triple Alliance non-existent, the Bulgarian sovereign would not require very much pressing to cultivate cordial relations with St. Petersburg. The Viennese story that it is the Czar's intention to make a snatch at Constantinople, in the hope of capturing it by a coup de main, may be set down as a stretch of alarmist fancy. Even if the Balkan States aided the effort,

and secured its success, Russia would gain nothing except having to fight for life or death at a point where the maritime superiority of her foes would tell terribly against her. But, without accepting one theory or another, there is certainly ample cause for Austria to feel nervous as to what her powerful neighbour will do next. Indeed, were it not for the protecting arm of Germany, the Court of Vienna might well fear another Sadowa.

LEASEHOLD ENFRANCHISEMENT. —There was not much chance that the Bill brought forward under this title on Wednesday would become law this Session; but it is well that the subject should be discussed in Parliament, so that the public may become acquainted with the benefits and the dangers which such a proposal involves. Thus far we have heard more of the latter than of the former, because the landlords and their agents have been the chief spokesmen. After all, there is nothing really revolutionary in the "ground-idea" of such a measure. We have long been familiar with the conception of the compulsory purchase of landed property for the construction of railways. Why, then, should it be such a terrible thing to grant to individual persons a privilege which is constantly conceded to powerful corporations? Besides, the law, as it at present stands, unduly favours the ground-landlord at the expense of the leaseholder. The latter may be obliged to make, for his convenience, improvements of a permanent character on the property which he holds. Yet he cannot claim a shilling for these improvements, they all go, when the lease expires, into the maw of the ground-landlord, who also usually demands a swingeing sum for dilapidations. This may be law, but it certainly is not justice. Why should not English leaseholders be placed in at least as good a position as Irish tenant-farmers? We hope, therefore, that the advocates of leasehold enfranchisement will persistently hammer away till they get what they want. The reform will certainly accomplish one good end: the mass of the community will live in better-built houses: there will be fewer flimsy dwellings run up to sell by impecunious jerry-builders.

-It was natural that the GENERAL WASHINGTON. Americans should celebrate with great splendour the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Washington assumed the office of President. That memorable day marked the close of what Mr. Fiske has described as "the critical period of American history." In England there is a common impression that when the war with the mother-country came to an end all the difficulties of the young States had been practically overcome. In reality the States were so bitterly jealous of one another that for some years it seemed doubtful whether they would be able to form a really united nation. After much fierce controversy they accepted the Constitution under which the country has since so greatly prospered; and lucky it was for them that the Presidency could at once be offered to the great soldier and loyal citizen who, by his achievements during the war, had won universal confidence and respect. It was absolutely necessary, if the new system was to have a chance of success, that the first President should be a man of exceptionally high moral qualities, and in Washington all the conditions necessary for the task he had to accomplish were combined. He was not in any sense a brilliant genius, but he had admirable self-control, sound judgment, great decision of character, and-most important of all -a lofty sense of personal honour. It is satisfactory to note that, in praising their national hero, intelligent Americans no longer think it necessary to indulge in violent vituperation of Great Britain. No doubt England made sad mistakes in the policy which led to the revolt of her American colonies, but, if we take all the circumstances into account, we can see that it would hardly have been possible for her to avoid serious blunders in dealing with a people whom she very impersectly understood. And, after all, the Americans ought to remember that it was Great Britain that made it comparatively easy for the colonies to assert their independence. Had the elder Pitt allowed the French to retain Canada, our kinsfolk would have been in no hurry to give up the advantages they derived from English protection.

THE ZULU SENTENCES. It cannot be said that the tribunal which tried Dinizulu and the other Zulu chie's tempered justice with mercy. They were arraigned and convicted on the serious charge of high treason, and no doubt they were technically guilty of that crime. But matters had drifted into such a chaotic and misty condition in Zululand that these poor savages might well doubt whether they owed allegiance to Queen Victoria. They pro bably had a hazy idea to that effect, but not to the extent of conceiving that their levying war against Usibepu could be construed as high treason. Even admitting, however, that they sinned with their eyes open, the long terms of imprisonment inflicted upon them are out of all proportion to their offence. Perhaps, however, the term "imprisonment" only means the mild sort of incarceration which Cetywayo underwent. That they should be kept out of Zululand for the rest of their natural lives goes without the saying. In that still distracted country they would be sure to turn their hands to mischief. But their treatment should be of the sort usually accorded by England to political offenders of their type. Located near Cape Town, and supplied with those material comforts, such as bottled beer and barrel-organs, in which

R. VENNER, Secretary.

the Zulu heart delights, these firebrands would be as effectually quenched as if stowed at the bottom of the deepest dungeon. There is another reason for dealing with them more tenderly than the Ekowe Court was disposed to do: Dinizulu is the son and successor of Cetywayo, and, by treating him kindly, we should make some amends for the many wrongs we did to his valorous father.

A HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE. --- On the motion of Mr. Brudenell Carter, the London County Council has appointed a Committee "to inquire into and to report to the Council upon the advantages which might be expected from the establishment, as a complement to the existing asylum system, of a hospital, with a visiting medical staff, for the study and curative treatment of insanity." The Report of the Committee will be awaited with much interest by all who devote attention to this most painful subject. It may be thought that the existing asylums do all that can really be done; but this is extremely doubtful. The authorities of these institutions are so much engaged in administrative work that they have little time for strictly scientific study. In a hospital the primary duty of the visiting medical staff would be to investigate the conditions of insanity, and to discover, if possible, more effectual remedies than any that have yet been found for one of the most grievous of human maladies. That insanity, on its physical side, is simply a disease of the brain, all authorities agree; but more than this they can scarcely be said to have established. Perhaps more will never be known. The causes of the disease may be so complicated or so subtle as to be far beyond the reach of science. We have no right, however, to assume that this is the case. Science has solved so many problems which at one time seemed insoluble that by patience and exact observation she may in the end penetrate to the truth in this obscure region also. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the suggestion as to a hospital will receive most thorough consideration, and that the Committee will take care to obtain the very best advice that can be offered by the medical profession.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ILLNESS.—Now that a member of our Royal Family has been stricken down by the deadly disease called "Maltese fever," perhaps the authorities will try to make the famous naval station a little less unhealthy. At the present season, the harbour is literally pestilential, the water being full of town sewage in a state of fermentation, and this happens every year at the beginning of the hot weather. The troops on shore retain their health well enough in spite of the heat; they are beyond the deadly influence of the malaria. But down in the harbour, every ship at anchor for any length of time is sure to have a heavy list of fever cases-almost as many as if stationed off the Gold Coast. The disease resembles, too, that which so grievously affected the Ashanti Expedition after the burning of Coomassie. Whether it attacks the brain, the blood, the lungs, or any other part, it clings tenaciously to its victim, sapping his strength day by day, and too frequently inflicting permanent injury on his constitution. Those who saw the Duke of Edinburgh on landing, and remarked the attenuated and feeble condition to which he, a strong robust man, was reduced, will not wish to make acquaintance with "Maltese fever." Nor is there any reason why our sailors should be exposed to its ravages. If the Maltese cannot be prevented from using the harbour as a sort of cesspool, there is no occasion whatever for British men-of-war to stay there during the unhealthy season. They could either cruise about, or anchor at some adjacent port until the visitation had passed away. Either course would be preferable to dooming the men to die off like flies, as a sacrifice on the altar of use and wont.



I OR the ANNOUNCEMENT of the "FESTIVAL of the SONS OF THE CLERGY" see page 472; for the SAVOY GALLERY

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NOTICE. - With this Number are issued Two Extra SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "THE ROYAL ACADEMY Schools," the second Illustrative of a Journey from TANGIER to TETUAN.



#### THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION

OUR illustration is from a sketch by an officer serving with this expedition, and represents the finding of the gun of the late Lieutenant Stewart in the grave of the Chief Howsata, by whom the unfortunate officer was killed last year. Our correspondent writes:—"On March 20th the advanced party of our force surprised Howsata's village. The enemy, after firing two shots at our scouts, set fire to their houses and fled. It had been rumoured that if it were really Howsata himself who had murdered Lieutenant Stewart, his gun would be found in the chief's grave. Accordingly the grave was opened, and in it were found a bottle of rice beer, some food, sugar-cane, the chief's dhao, and finally Howsata's embalmed body, by the side of which lay Lieutenant Stewart's gun. The body was wrapped up in clothes, and pieces of bamboo had been placed alongside."

#### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM

HER MAJESTY arrived at Wolferton Station at a quarter to six on the evening of Tuesday week, on her visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor had met the Royal train at Lynn station, and the Princess and her daughters were at Wolferton to greet the Queen. The station had been very prettily decorated, and outside a number of people had assembled to see the Royal party drive off. After the Princess had warmly greeted Her Majesty, Mr. Birt, the General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, and Mr. Paynton Piggott, the Chief Constable, were presented, and then the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Princess Louise entered a State carriage, and, with the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor riding on either side, drove to Sandringham, escorted by some threescore gentlemen and yeomen HER MAJESTY arrived at Wolferton Station at a quarter to six on Wales and Prince Albert Victor riding on either side, drove to Sandringham, escorted by some threescore gentlemen and yeomen of the West Norfolk Hunt—the majority in scarlet hunting costume. At the head of the procession rode Sir Dighton Probyn, and behind him were the whippers-in, in their hunting caps and coats. Next came Mr. A. Fountaine, the Master of the Hounds, followed by twenty-four members of the Hunt in black cut-away hunting-coats and white leather breeches and top-boots, riding four altered. Behind these rode thirty-two members of the Hunt, also four abreast. Behind these rode thirty-two members of the Hunt, also four abreast, in scarlet coats, headed by Mr. Hay Gurney. Behind the Queen's carriage was a carriage with the three young Princesses of Wales, and the followed the second than t Wales, and then followed the suite. The route was prettily decorated with Venetian masts hung with trophies of flags, and there were three with venetian masts hung with trophies of Hags, and there were three triumphal arches on the way. At the park gates a number of the village school children had assembled to welcome Her Majesty; on either side of the drive were a large number of the gentry and tenantry of the district; while in front of the Hall were stationed a detachment of the Norfolk Artillery Militia, under the command of Lord Suffield, as a guard of honour. As the Queen and Princesses entered the house the members of the hour formed is a semiciral entered the house, the members of the hunt formed in a semi-circle in front, and then rode round in a circle waving their hats and cheering—the Queen coming to a window to acknowledge their cheering—the Queen coming to a window to acknowledge salute. The subsequent incidents of Her Majesty's visit are chronicled in our Court column.

#### MR. JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT

MR. JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT

The recent contest for the seat in Central Birmingham (vacant through the death of Mr. John Bright) excited unusual interest, partly on account of the eminence of the deceased member, but still more on account of the heartburnings which arose between the Conservative and Liberal sections of the Unionist party. However, these differences were at the last moment allayed, and Mr. J. A. Bright, whose politics are the same as his father's, went to the poll on behalf of the two wings of the Unionist force, and defeated his Gladstonian opponent, Mr. W. Phipson Beale, by a majority of no less than 3,060. Mr. John Albert Bright, the successful candidate, is the eldest son of the late Right Hon. John Bright, by his second wife, Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. William Leatham, of Wakefield, Yorkshire. He was born in the year 1848, and was educated privately, with a view to engaging in commerce and manufactures. He is married, and has one or two children.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Collier, New Street, Birmingham.

#### SIR F. G. OUSELEY

THE Rev. Canon Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley was the only son of the first Baronet, Sir Gore Ouseley, Ambassador to Teheran and St. Petersburg successively, by his marriage with Harriet Georgina, daughter of Mr. John Whitelocke. He was born in London, in August, 1825. At a very early age he displayed a great inclination for the study of music. He was educated privately, and at Christ Church, Oxford. While there, in 1844, his father died, and he succeeded to the baronetcy. He afterwards entered into Holy Orders, and was for a short time Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Upon his property at Tenbury, Herefordshire, known as the Old Wood, he erected the beautiful church dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, of which he was the first Vicar. He was also appointed Warden of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, where he formed a very valuable musical library of 2,000 volumes. In 1855, on the death of Sir Henry Bishop, he was appointed Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and, in the same year, Precentor of Hereford Cathedral. In 1886 he was made a Canon. Sir F. G. Ouseley died suddenly, on April 6th, from an affection of the heart, while transacting business in a bank at Tenbury. His musical compositions, which are numerous and successful, include the oratorios St. Polycarp and Hagar, and many anthems, and various treatises which THE Rev. Canon Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley was the only son of Polycarp and Hagar, and many anthems, and various treatises which have become standard works in musical form and composition.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.

#### THE HON. EDWARD KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN

THE HON. EDWARD KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN
THE vacancy in the representation of Rochester, occasioned by
the resignation of Colonel Hughes-Hallett, was filled on April 16th
by the election of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen (G), who won the
seat by the narrow majority of 75 (out of a poll of more than 3,000
electors) from his Conservative opponent, Mr. H. D. Davies. The
Hon. Edward Knatchbull-Hugessen is the eldest son of Lord
Brabourne (well-known both as a politician and as a writer of fairy
tales), by Anna Maria Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. M. R.
Southwell. He was born in April, 1857, and was educated at Eton
and Magdalen College, Oxford. He tried, unsuccessfully, to get in
for the Thanet Division of Kent last year. His politics are not those
of his father. In 1880 he married Amy Virginia, daughter of Mr.
Wentworth B. Beaumont, M.P., and grand-daughter of the late
Lord Clanricarde.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Honey,
114, High Street, Chatham.

#### THE STRAND AS IT IS

THIS engraving represents the narrow part of the Strand between the two churches of St. Mary and St. Clement Danes. The view is taken from the south side of the thoroughfare, and opposite, at the left hand corner of the picture, is the corner of Newcastle Street. The idea of the artist is to show the numerous hindrances to speedy The idea of the artist is to show the numerous hindrances to speedy locomotion which are to be found in this region, both in the roadway and on the foot-pavement, especially at an early hour in the morning, when draymen are delivering casks of beer into taverncellars, and pails of rubbish are set out on the pavement for removal by the dust-carts. The suggestion is that these alleged inconveniences will be alleviated by the widening of the thoroughfare in question at this point. In any case such an "improvement" will cost a good deal of money, and, if it involves the removal of one or both of the churches, the Strand will be deprived of its most characteristic features, and will become as commonplace as Tottenham Court Road.

#### FAREWELL BANQUET TO MR. GEORGE MACKENZIE AT ZANZIBAR

PRIOR to the departure from Zanzibar of Mr. G. Mackenzie, the PRIOR to the departure from Zanzibar of Mr. G. Mackenzie, the very popular and energetic Director of the Imperial British East Africa Company, Her B itannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General and Mrs. Euan-Smith gave a grand banquet in his honour. In proposing the health of the parting guest, the Consul-General spoke in the highest terms of the great enterprise which he had launched in East Central Africa. He enumerated the many difficulties and trials which Mr. Mackenzie had to contend with and described him as an able helmsman who had steered clear with, and described him as an able helmsman who had steered clear of all the rocks and shoals of the present dangerous and troubled waters of the Zanzibar dominions. In acknowledging the toast, Mr. Mackenzie spoke in very modest terms, disclaiming for himself the praise which his host had so lavishly bestowed upon him. He said that the credit was, to a very great extent, due to Colonel Euan-Smith, who had nursed the infant Company with all the tenderness and care that a mother bestows on her new-born babe. He also spoke in very grateful terms of the services rendered by the Consular Staff.—Our engraving is from a sketch.

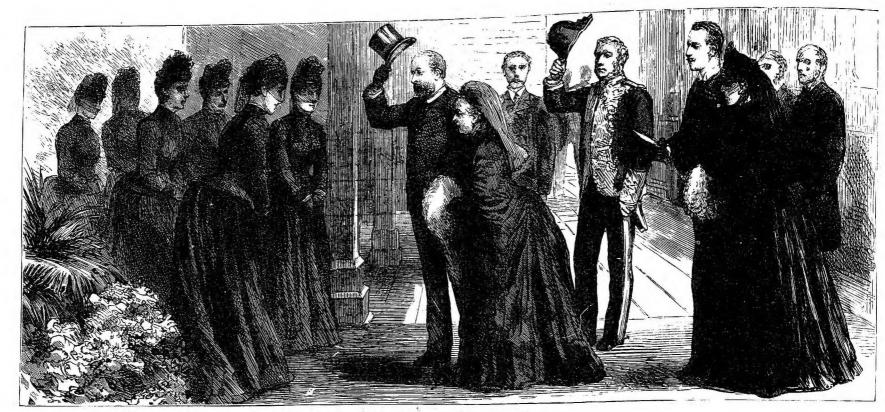
#### THE RIOTS AT CHINKIANG See page 465.

#### THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IN SOUTH AFRICA

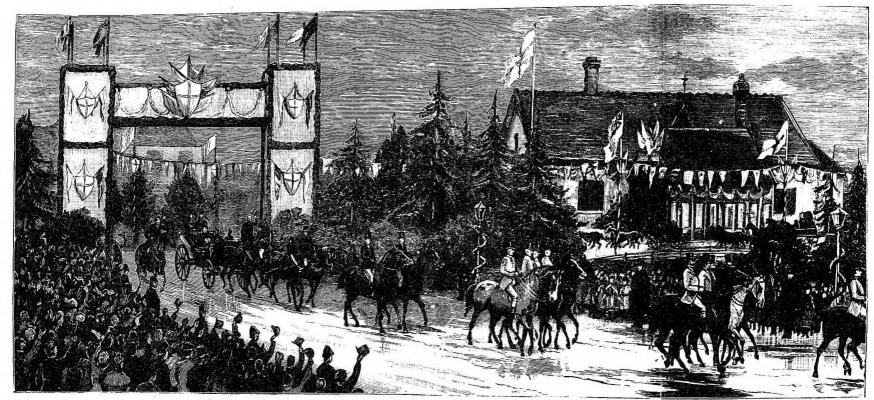
THIS engraving, which is from a photograph sent to us by Messrs. J. Spear and Co., Willow Grove Hotel and Gardens, Langlaagte, respresents the English cricketers having a morning's outing in the Transvaal. Willow Grove is only three miles from Johannesberg, and is the favourite resort for the *élite* from that rising town. The place is adorned with magnificent willow trees, fruit and flower gardens, a swimming-bath, with pure spring water continually flowing in and out, and a tennis-ground not to be equalled in South Africa. The occasion of the cricketers' visit was an invitation to a swim and a breakfast under the trees, after which the team returned to town to compete with their opponents, the Johannesbergians, in the cricket match. Willow Grove Gardens, which is about eighteen acres in extent, is shortly to have a palatial Sanatorium and Hotel The present hotel represents a Dutch homestead fifty years old.

#### THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BOULANGER IN LONDON

GENERAL BOULANGER left Brussels on the morning of Wednes day week, and, crossing from Ostend to Dover in a special steamer, the Victoria, travelled to London in a special train. At Charing Cross, barriers had been placed to keep back the crowd which had assembled to see the General arrive, and as the special train steamed



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT WOLFERTON STATION



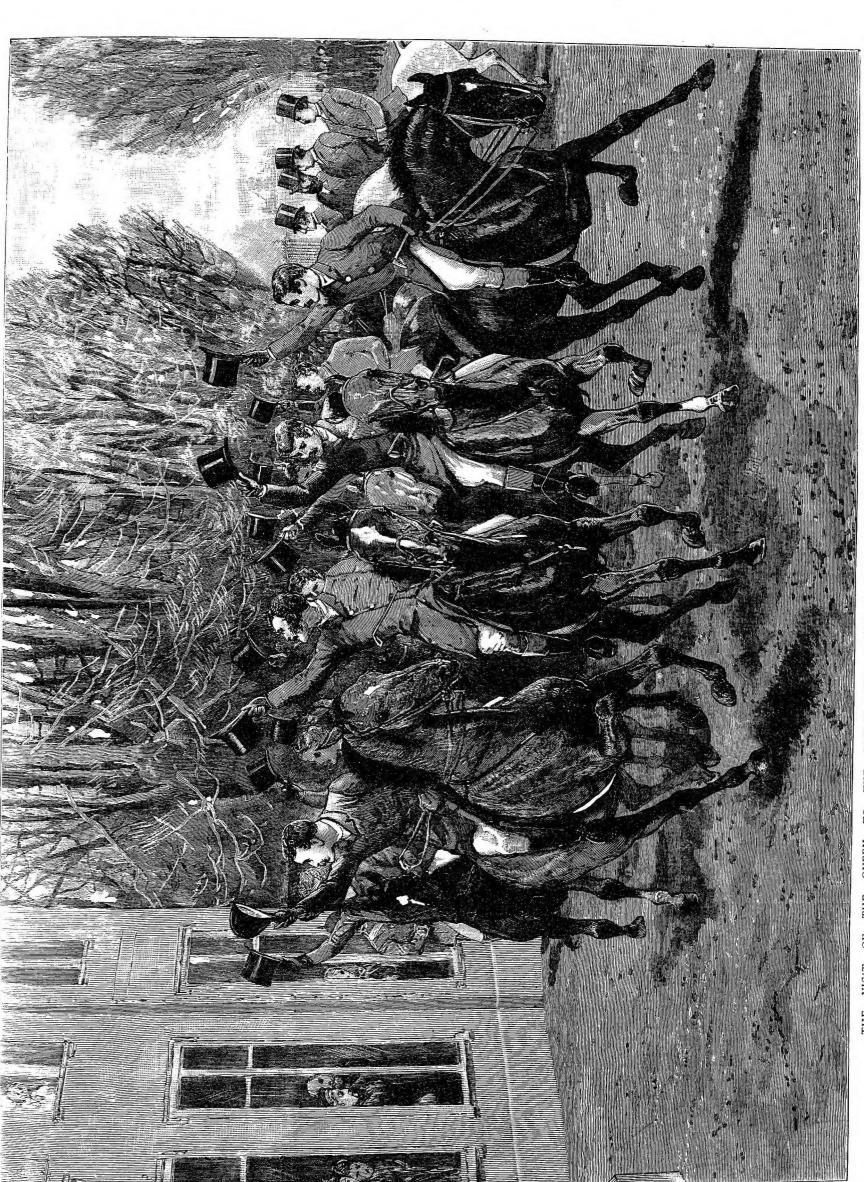
THE ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVING WOLFERTON STATION



ON THE WAY TO SANDRINGHAM—THE ESCORT OF HUNTSMEN

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM





into the station a rush was made to his carriage. The General, who was accompanied by Count Dillon, M. Naquet, M. Turquet, and a number of other sympathisers, together with some Brussels and Paris journalists, was received on alighting with some cries of "Vive Boulanger," and repeatedly shook hands with numerous French and English admirers who thronged round him. He then made his way with some difficulty to a carriage which was in waiting, and, after a lady had presented him with a bouquet, drove off to the Hotel Bristol amid cheers, hisses, and varied cries of Vive and à bas Boulanger. The General acknowledged the greeting of the crowd outside by repeated bows. The General entered London in weather thoroughly characteristic of the metropolis—a thick pall of darkness, as black as a November fog, shrouding the streets, and, by the time the hotel was reached, rendering it difficult for the crowd to recognise him.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

See page 467.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS

See page 473 et seqq.

ON THE ROAD TO TETUAN

"The road to Tetuan," writes Mr. Alfred St. John Martin, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "commences about four miles from Tangier, and traverses a soft sandy district, with very little signs of vegetation of any kind, excepting a few trees here and there, which would afford the traveller a tempting halting-place, were it not that they are usually situated near some straggling villages whose inhabitants are not to be trusted. On no pretence whatever are Europeans allowed to travel alone, unless they do so entirely at their own risk. Each party, therefore, is accompanied by a soldier and a guide, who are both answerable for their safety. The Tetuan road is the most lonesome I ever traversed, but our party consisted of jolly fellows, who made the time pass very pleasantly. On the second day the soldier pointed out a pile of stones, over which a flag was waving, and explained that it was the grave of a man from a distant village, who had been murdered by robbers. The guide and soldier muttered a prayer, and added two fresh stones to the grave, this being the Mahomedan custom. Next day the guide heat some low bushes on the sandy hills, whence issued swarms of partridges, which formed excellent sport. As it was getting evening, and we were tired and hüngry, we threw ourselves down under a clump of trees, did ample justice to an al fresco meal, and indulged in a long chat and smoke. It was eight o clock when we started, and we were proceeding at a swingeing trot to make up for lost time, when our soldier suddenly pulled in his horse, and gazed ahead. The guide whispered "robbers," and we instantly set our triggers at full cock, and then saw a figure in the road, standing as if to bar our further progress, and armed with a long glittering Moorish gun. As we drew nearer we could see about ten yards behind him more figures in the bushes which bordered a narrow part of the road. Our soldier was a brave fellow, and rode up to the stranger, and with ready tact inquired how far we were from Tetuan gates. A colloquy

#### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 477.

#### "TO THE BOATS"

M. Dawant, in the picture from which our double-page illustratron is engraved, has depicted a scene which is unfortunately only too familiar to readers of the numerous maritime disasters which have taken place during the past few months. The actual picture represents the wreck of the Channel packet-boat Victoria in the year 1887 through striking on a rock, off the point of Ailly, near Dieppe, when the passengers were rescued by means of the ship's boats, which conveyed them to the sea beach. M. Dawant has forcibly represented his subject; the captain sees no chance of saving the vessel, and devotes his energies to rescuing the precious lives under his charge. The cry of "To the boats!" is raised; and then, amid great difficulty, the women, children, and old men are first lowered into the frail craft, which the sailors are endeavouring with all their strength to prevent being dashed to pieces by the waves against the iron sides of the sinking monster. The picture is in the Paris Salon.



Political.—Addressing a meeting of constituents at Freckleton Sir Matthew White Ridley, who was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Lord Salisbury's last Administration, made some pertinent remarks on the value of the Unionist alliance, irrespectively of its relation to the Irish Question. It had, he said, taught Liberal and Radical Unionists that there was something good in Conservatives and something sound in Constitutional progress, and it had impressed on old Tories the desirability of trusting in the common sense and sound judgment of the English people. The alliance had benefited the country by establishing a great, sound moderate party, and by checking any ten ency to an extravagant policy consequent on the passing of the Reform Bill of 1885.—Mr. J. M. Maclean, M.P. for Oldham, addressing a Conservative gathering in that town, said that after what he called the frankly Protectionist speech of Baron de Worms when introducing the Sugar Convention Bill, he informed Mr. W. H. Smith that he should feel it his duty to vote against it on the second re ding.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Unionist committees of Edinburgh, it was resolved to form ward-committees with the object of defeating the proposal to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. Parnell.—Speaking at Edinburgh to his constituents of the Southern division, Mr. Childers expressed himself ready to vote for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland in the next Parliament if he should be a member of it. He thought that Home Rule in Scotland was certain to come, but that it was inexpedient to bring it forward now.

REPLYING TO A DEPUTATION OF BREWERS who urged objections to the proposed increase of the beer-duty, the Chancellor of the Exchequer held out no hope of a withdrawal of his proposal, but expressed a desire, as regards the details, to have it placed on a proper footing. In the course of a conversational discussion, Mr. Goschen remarked that though since 1876 there had been an increase of 13 per cent. in the population, the revenue from beer was now only 200,000/. More than then.

was now only 200,000. More than then.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL on Tuesday, Lord Rosebery presiding, decided that the licensing of places for music and dancing, theatres, and race-courses should be left to a Committee of thirty of its members, to be elected by the Council through signed list, with an appeal to the Council itself from the decisions of the Committee.

MR. T. W. Russell, M.P., in an interesting letter on "The Situation in Gweedore," which he has been visiting, declares the whole region to be entirely unfit for human habitation, and that by no system of cultivation can human life be supported out of the soil. "So long," he adds, "as Irish priests and Irish politicians paralyse every effort to remove the surplus population to climes where their labour would be remunerative, so long will there be political trouble and human suffering in these parts."

The Chargest Manyeres responding for the Diplometic Reduced.

The Chinese Minister, responding for the Diplomatic Body at the usual Easter banquet given this week by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, spoke in the warmest terms of the deep debt of gratitude which his country owed to those who had raised and those who were distributing China Famine Relief Fund.

THE CHARGE D'AFFAIRES of the French Republic will receive his countrymen resident in London at 4 P.M. to-morrow, Sunday, being the hundredth anniversary of the States-General, with which the French Revolution of 1789 may be said to have begun.

A DEPUTATION having waited on the Lord Mayor to suggest some public recognition of the gallantry displayed by Captain Murrell and the crew of the Missouri in their rescue of nearly 800 persons from the sinking steamship Danmark, he expressed his cordial approval of the scheme, and promised his co-operation. A Committee, with Sir R. N. Fowler as its treasurer, has been formed to raise a fund. Donations will be received by the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Conolly, Botolph House, Eastcheap, and by Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler and Co., bankers, 50, Cornhill.

MISCELLANEOUS.——General Boulenger after vicinity to the suggestion of the sug

MISCELLANEOUS.—General Boulanger, after visiting the House of Commons on Monday, dined with three Irish Nationalist M.P.'s, Mr. O'Kelly, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and Mr. Justin McCarthy.—The Lord Mayor has paid a state visit to Islington, one of a series in promotion of the penny a-week subscription to the funds of the London Hospitals. His reception was enthusiastic, and a crowded public meeting expressed its approval of his object.—Lady Burdett Coutts opened on Tuesday the lourth Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Riding School, Knightsbridge.—An exhibition of appliances for the prevention of injury to horses will be opened next week, in the Museum of the Animals Institute, by the Council of which it has been organised.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, at Bournemouth, after a long illness, of Miss Anna Augusta Smith, sister of the First Lord of the Treasury; in her eighty-sixth year, of the Dowager Lady Wolseley; in his seventy-second year, of Sir John Walrond Walrond, Bart.; of Colonel Green Thompson, at one time Conservative M.P. for Cockermouth; in his seventy-seventh year, of General George Jackson, a distinguished Anglo-Indian veteran; in his fifty-second year, of Colonel Henry De Grey Warter, grandson of the poet Southey; in his seventy-sixth year, of the Rev. Edward Moore, Honorary Canon of Canterbury, one of the founders of the Kent Penitentiary; in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Marmaduke Miller, the well-known United Methodist Free Church minister; and in his seventy-ninth year, of Dr. Robert Stirling Newall, whose wirerope, patented in 1840, first made submarine telegraphy practicable.



The resumption of business in the House of Commons after the Easter Recess has been celebrated by a defeat of the Government. This happened on Tuesday night, and though, as the figures of the division testify, in no sense indicative of the deliberate opinion of the majority, it is, nevertheless, vexing to Ministers, and may be embarrassing. It arose on a motion by Mr. Samuel Smith calling for immediate action to prevent the spread of facilities for drink in India. The earlier part of the sitting had been occupied in an occasionally animated debate on a proposition made by the Government to appropriate Tuesdays and Fridays for morning sittings. Private members having protested with force and heat against this infringement of their privileges, it seemed quite in the order of things that they should immediately thereafter testify to their sense of the value of Tuesday nights by permitting the House to be counted out. Such a thing has happened before, and it seemed peculiarly likely to happen again on Tuesday. Mr. Samuel Smith, everybody admits, is an exceedingly good man. But no one claims for him attractiveness as a Parliamentary speaker. When he rose to move his resolution, members with one consent began to leave, and for upwards of an hour he discoursed in the hearing of about a score of gentlemen.

score of gentlemen.

Mr. Caine seconded the motion, and Sir Roper Lethbridge rose to continue the discussion. But Sir Roper is a man of impartial mind, and he determined to give the House an opportunity of deciding whether they should listen to his speech or go off to dinner, the hour for which was close at hand. He accordingly prefaced his remarks by moving a count, the ringing of the bell bringing together a significant number of members interested in the Temperance Question. It is known of old time in the House of Commons that the dinner-table has no overpowering attraction for the party which accepts Sir Wilfrid Lawson as its leader. At the call of duty they can forego dinner engagements, and will hang about an almost empty House all night in the hope of getting a good division. Sir John Gorst's experienced eye, scanning the cohort of temperance members trooping in to defeat an attempt to snuff out the debate, perceived danger ahead. He made a careful speech in opposition to the motion, pointing out that the Excise Administration of India had done their best to control and limit the sale of drink, and beseeching the House not to put an unmerited censure upon them.

After this the situation grew in seriousness. Scouts were sent out in all directions to bring in members sufficient to maintain the Government majority. But they were hard to find, and not eager to come, whilst the temperance party had their men well in hand. If a division had been taken at what seemed the natural point, after Sir Wilfrid Lawson had replied to the Under-Secretary for India, it was clear the motion would have been carried. Accordingly, it was decided on the Treasury Bench to extend the debate so that time might be given for bringing up the reserves. Sir Richard Temple gallantly stepped into the breach, and entertained the House at some length with quotations from a string of Oriental poets, which proved to demonstration that the mythological gods. and goddesses of India were not opposed to occasional libations.

Even this argument did not stave off disaster. Sir William Harcourt gave a rollicking support to the resolution, and on a division it was carried by a majority of 10—113 voting with Mr. Samuel Smith, and 103 with the Government.

and 103 with the Government.

When the House met on Monday there was a gap on the Treasury Bench, owing to the absence of Mr. W. H. Smith, temporarily withdrawn from public life by the death of his sister. In his absence, Mr. Goschen took the reins, and found the team more than usually difficult to drive. Mr. Smith enjoys a personal popularity on both sides, which makes it easier for him than for most men to carry on the Queen's Government in the House of Commons. His temper and patience are marvellously maintained under circumstances which frequently reach a pitch of peculiar irritation. Mr. Goschen is not equally gifted in this direction. He has a tendency to explode, and nothing shocks the Opposition, more particularly the Irish section of it, than the spectacle of the Leader of the House indulging in anything like strong language. On Tuesday Sir M. Hicks-Beach took a turn in leadership, moving the resolutions establishing morning sittings which stood in the name of Mr. Smith. Sir Michael is much more acceptable in this capacity, and it is understood would certainly obtain the reversion of the office if the state of his health permitted him to accept it.

The Civil Service Estimates were wrestled with all through Monday night, the Budget Resolutions being taken up on Thurs lay. The advance made with Supply is disappointingly small. After eight hours' wrangle only two votes were agreed to, though it must be admitted that one of these was for the salary of the Home Secretary, a vote which at the best of times leads to much contention, but which just now, with Mr. Matthews to answer for the shortcomings of his department, is peculiarly inviting to controversialists. Mr. Labouchere, who is now the recognised leader of a miscellaneous party formed above and below the Gangway on the Opposition Benches, was persistently to the fore. He began by moving the reduction of the salaries of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Smith being absent, not much was said about him; but Mr. Goschen came in for the larger share of opprobrium, which naturally had not the effect of smoothing his irritability.

Some appreciable portion of the evening was devoted to inquiring into the payments on account of the Civil List. The real and frankly undisguised object of this movement was to throw some light upon economies which, according to current report, have been made in the disbursements of the Royal Household. Savings, it is understool, hal been effected, and Mr. Robertson, Mr. Picton, Mt. Bradlaugh, and others were exceelingly anxious to know what had become of them; 385,000/. per annum was provided for purposes connected with the mintenance of the Royal Family, and if it was found to be in excess of the necessities, ought not the overplus to be returned to the Public Exchequer? That was the question, veiled under a formal attack on the offices of the Auditor and Clerks of the Civil List. But nothing was got out of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury or the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Biggar added a touch of grotesqueness to the episode by solemnly regretting that the Government should give no information on the subject; "for," as he said in his most judicial manner, "it raises the suspicion that there is something wrong, when probably there is nothing wrong at all."

In the course of the discussion the inevitable reference to the

In the course of the discussion the inevitable reference to the Parnell Commission cropped up, and the House was once more regaled with conversation on the alleged iniquities of Mr. Anderson of the Home Office in his communication with Major Le Caron, the Government spy, who gave evidence before the Commission. Mr. Shannon's interview with the convict Delaney in the Chatham Prison was also brought forward by Mr. Labouchere, with a charming affectation of freshness. Mr. Balfour stepped into the arena, and at one time there was prospect of a prolonged encounter. But the approach of the dinner-hour exercised its teneficent influence, and after a division, upon which the salary of the Home Secretary was maintained intact by a majority of 49, the ever-ready Committee proceeded to discuss the new Prison Rules.

The Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill, the second reading of which was moved by Mr. Harvy Lawren found the House of

The Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill, the second reading of which was moved by Mr. Harry Lawson, found the House of Commons with a full sitting's work on Wednesday. Lord Lymington, who still sits on the Liberal side, moved the rejection of the Bill, a course supported by the Home Secretary, Sir William Marriott, and nearly all the Conservatives present. The Liberals went in a body for the Bill, which was thrown out by 186 votes against 157. Mr. Gladstone, fresh from Hawarden, arrived just in time to take part in the division.



MR. PINERO appears to be ambitious of following in the footsteps of M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Augier by making his plays a vehicle for the illustration and enforcement of some moral principle. His first resolute attempt in this direction has been crowned with no little success. The Profligate, a play in four acts, with which Mr. Hare has opened his beautiful new theatre in Charing Cross Road (not in Shaftesbury Avenue, though one or two papers have, oddly enough, located it there) is very simple, both in its theme and construction. A young gentleman, who has been much engaged in the process known as "sowing wild oats," marries a young and beautiful girl, who knows no guile, and is without sympathy for the easy-going notions of the worldly-minded regarding profligacy in the past. The new-found delights of a pure love are to Dunstan Renshaw a revelation, and he is the happiest of men; but Nemesis pursues him in the person of a young girl whom he has heartlessly betrayed, and in a highly dramatic scene the secret is out. "Deny it!" is the stern ultimatum of his bride. But Renshaw cannot confront his victim with a falsehood; so man and wife part, with horror on the one hand, and unavailing grief and shame upon the other. This, it will be observed, assumes the equal responsibility of the sexes before the moral law; and from the attitude of the spectators it is to be inferred that there is a feeling that the time has arrived for a little bracing up of the moral sense of society on this subject. Unfortunately, Mr. Pinero's treatment of the theme is not quite logical. There are sins which no dramatist ventures to condone in ladies—if we except Kotzebue's much-ridiculed Menschenhass und Reue, known to our stage as The Stranger. Mr. Pinero's heroine, however, relents after her penitent husband has been driven to the brink of suicide. His offence, it is true, is ante-nuptial; but, obviously, that rather aggravates the case, for it is not her own wrongs that Mrs. Renshaw forgives, but wrongs committed against another. Once

a mere impotent meddler in other people's affairs. Miss Kate Rorke as Mrs. Renshaw, and Mr. Forbes Robertson as her peccant husband, play, it must be confessed, admirably, and Mr. Hare contributed a most amusing character sketch in the part of Lord Dangars, a nobleman who bears discreditable disclosures in the Divorce Court with an easy composure which ought to inspire horror, but, as a fact, is productive of great merriment. Incidental parts were cleverly acted by Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Sidney Brough, and others; and, altogether, the play for which Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed a beautiful, though not particularly needful, song, with guitar accompaniment, sung by Mr. Avon Saxon, is presented with the highest care and finish.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at the HAYMARKET, entitled

mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at the HAYMARKET, entitled Wealth, has also a didactic purpose; but that is not so much to be found in the action of the play as to be gathered from semi-official hints in other quarters, strengthened by the suggestions of a quotation from Dekker's beautiful lyric, which figures in the playbill. tion from Dekker's beautiful lyric, which figures in the playbill. The text is the folly of laying up wealth to the neglect of other and still more needful requisites of happiness and peace of mind. Matthew Ruddock, the true hero of this play, is a middle-aged millionaire, who loves gold only better than his daughter, and loves itso much that he casts off his daughter, because she refuses a match with a man whom her father prefers for reasons connected with the much that he casts on his daughter, because she reluses a match with a man whom her father prefers for reasons connected with the future prosperity and name of his house of business. Matthew Ruddock, as Mr. Beerbohm Tree portrays him, is suffering from the first from an irritability of brain, hardly to be distinguished from the state of madness into which he ultimately falls; and his states are arrayyers and outbursts of manical violence are almost the strange paroxysms and outbursts of maniacal violence are almost the only features in the play which stand forth in any prominence. The audience on Saturday evening found the actor's elaborate method and oft-repeated explosions somewhat tedious; and the story suffered in consequence. This is the more to be regretted, story suffered in consequence. This is the more to be regretted, because the dialogue is clever, and many of the minor characters are sketched with genuine humour and observation. Mrs. Tree's impersonation of the heroine, though pleasing enough in itself, could not under the circumstances awaken any great sympathy. The most amusing parts in the play were that of an impudent, slangy little City clerk, played by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, in a way that made every point and characteristic thoroughly telling, and that of a vivacious little ingenue, enacted by Miss Norreys. The excellent company of the Haymarket, which includes Mr. Macklin, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Kemble, Mr Edmund Maurice, Mr. Allan, Mr. Stewart Dawson, and Miss Rose Leclercq, were, indeed, all provided with character sketches of more or less merit. The unfirmly reception accorded to Wealth on Saturday evening may render a reception accorded to Wealth on Saturday evening may render a service to the stage, if it convinces managers of the risk they run when plays are written for them on the principle of giving an overshadowing prominence to one performer, however clever that

performer may be.

Messrs. Richard-Henry's new Arthurian burlesque, entitled Lance of the Lovely, at the AVENUE Theatre is very like other pieces of its class. It appeals rather to the eye and ear than to the intellect of the spectator, and provides a convenient vehicle for the exuberant humours of Mr. Arthur Roberts, and the various talents, vocal and otherwise, of Mdlle. Vanoni, Miss Carrie Coote, and the numerous

other performers engaged in it.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has revived for a fortnight that powerful and picturesque classical play *Claudian* at the PRINCESS'S, where it first saw the light. Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake resume their original

Mr. Frank Marshall having unfortunately been prevented by indisposition from continuing his labours on the "Henry Irving Shakespeare," the stage history in the forthcoming volume has been undertaken by Mr. Joseph Knight, the well-known dramatic critic and editor of Notes and Queries.

An influential committee, headed by Lord Londesborough, has An innuential committee, neaded by Lord Londesborough, has been formed for the purpose of organising a benefit for the family of the late Mr. Vollaire, the actor. Mr. John Coleman has given the stage of the OLYMPIC for the occasion, and many popular performers have undertaken to take part in the entertainment on Wednesday afternoon next.

On Wednesday in the present week the revival of Marketh at the

On Wednesday in the present week the revival of Macbeth at the

LYCEUM reached its hundredth performance.

A new domestic drama entitled *Doubt*, and written by Mr. Stanley
Little, will be produced at a matinée at the GRAND Theatre on the

28th inst.

Mr. Mansfield proposes to go on with Richard III. till July 1st, after which he and his company at the Globe will take a holiday.

"Some demon," as Pope somewhere says, has put it into the heads of the organisers of Signor Gallico's benefit at the AVENUE Theatre on the 9th inst. to revive that old compound of melodramatic horrors and mysteries Raymond and Agnes; or, The Bleeding Nan of Lindsburgh. ing Nun of Lindeburgh.

Ing Num of Lindeburgh.

The 15th inst, is the date arranged for the production by Mr. George Alexander of an English version of Le Filibustier at TERRY'S Theatre. The performance will take place in the afternoon.

The pantomime of The Babes in the Wood at DRURY LANE only came to an end on Saturday last—a run for a Christmas entertainment which is we believe without revealed.

ment which is, we believe, without parallel.



THE TORF.—There was flat-racing at Sandown on Thursday and Friday last week. The Princess of Wales's Handicap on the first day was won by Mr. J. A. Craven's Porlock, the Two-Year-Old Stakes fell to Dame Margaret, and the Pall Mall Handicap to Trenton. The last-named walked over on Friday for the Railway Plate. The important events, however, were the Walton Two-Year-Old Race, in which Mr. J. A. Craven was again successful with Charlottesville, and the Esher Stakes, which fell to Lord Alington's Kingfisher. The meeting concluded on Saturday with steeplechasing. The Grand International Steeplechase was secured by Kilworth, who happened to be in a good temper, for Lord Dudley; Tommy Upton, who seems to have taken kindly to the jumping business, won the Great Sandown Hurdle Race; and Camaralzaman business, won the Great Sandown Hurdle Race; and Camaralzaman landed the St. James's Plate.

The Two Thousand Guineas has lost a good deal of its prestige, owing to the establishment of so many more valuable stakes. Less interest than usual, however, attached to it this year in consequence of the belief that it was a moral certainty for the Duke of Portland's Donovan. There were only nine runners, and the favourite and s Donovan. There were only nine runners, and the tavourite started at 85 to 20 on. Up to within a few yards of the post Donovan seemed to have the race in hand, but then Tom Cannon brought Mr. Douglas Baird's Enthusiast with a rush, and snatched victory by a head. Pioneer was third. After the racing Donovan was driven to 3 to 1 for the Derby, for which El Dorado was made favourite at 5 to 2, whilst Enthusiast was quoted at 100 to 15. Of the other racing at Naumarket little need he written. Laureate's Of the other racing at Newmarket little need be written. Laureate's chance for the Derby appeared to be extinguished when, in the lastings Plate, he succumbed to Freemason. Semolina upheld her good character in the First Spring Two-Year-Old Plate, and the Duke of Portland was also successful with Ulva in a Private Sweepstakes—these successful w stakes, while Harlebatch secured the Peel Handicap for Lord

-Lohmann may claim the honour of having made CRICKET.—Lohmann may claim the honour of having made the first century of the season, as far as good matches are concerned. Playing last week for Leighton against Mr. Radcliffe's team (which included most of the Gloucestershire Eleven) he knocked up 108. Attewell made 82, and took fourteen wickets for 44 runs, and Leighton won easily. Yorkshire and Notts have stated that they have no objection to Mr. Spofforth playing for Derbyshire this season. The "Demon" already seems to be in good form. In a local match the other day he took seven wickets for 10 runs.

FOOTBALL.—Wales beat Ireland on Saturday by three goals to one. Preston North End have suffered two defeats since we last wrote—from Queen's Park (2 to 1) and Sunderland (4 to 1). Big scores are commoner at the beginning of the season than at the end. A club at Stoke, however, beat another local club the other day by 44 goals to none! Rugbywise, Otley, the Yorkshire Cup holders, have succumbed to Bradford.

RACQUETS.—For the first time in the history of the Public Schools Competition, neither Eton nor Harrow got into the final. The former were easily beaten by Winchester, and the latter, after a very tough struggle, by Charterhouse (the holders). The Carthusian pair again made a good fight of it next day, but their previous exertions had told on them, and Winchester scored a very popular victory by four games to two.

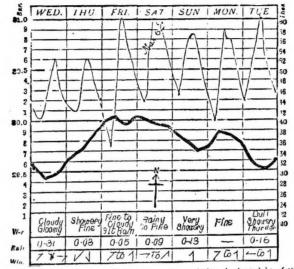
CYCLING — Howell was in good form last week at Wolver-

CYCLING.—Howell was in good form last week at Wolver-hampton, where he took the One Mile Handicap and the One Mile Championship.—At the Surrey Bicycle Club Meeting on Saturday Mr. F. P. Wood (Wood is a name to conjure with where bicycling is concerned) was successful both in the One Mile and Ten Miles scratch races.

-Lloyd, who is wonderfully successful in tourna-BILLIARDS. ments, added the spot-barred handicap at the Aquarium last week to his list of victories.

#### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the azight of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (30th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been of a very changeable and showery character generally. Pressure has been highest over Scandinavia or to the Southward of our Islands, while it has been lowest (chiefly) off our North-West Coasts. At the beginning of the period a depression which had advanced from the North-Westward was lying over Central England, and by 8 A.M. of the following morning, Thursday (25th ult.), had reached the Netherlands. Northerly (North-East to North-West) winds were therefore prevalent, and blew pretty strongly in the South-West at one time, while the weather was cold and rainy in nearly all places. By Friday (26th ult.) a fresh area of low pressure had appeared off the North-West of Ireland, and the barometer there had fallen considerably, and while other depressions were shown over the Continent or the Mediterranean, the high pressure systems in the extreme North-East or South of our area still held. This distribution of pressure was (broadly speaking) maintained until the end of the week, and the South-Easterly winds, which were felt in the North, and the South-Westerly breezes elsewhere, occasionally blew with some strength in exposed places. Taken as a whole, the weather remained dull and showery generally, but intervals of fine bright skies occurred once or twice in several localities. Over the Metropolitan area on Monday (29th ult.) the weather was remarkably Over the Metropolitan area on Monday (29th ult.) the weather was remarkably brilliant, although scarcely up to the average temperatures. Temperatures, as a whole, have been below mean values; the highest slightly exceeded 60 over the inland portions of England on one or two occasions, while the lowest (20 45 inches) on Wednesday (24th ult.); range 0 59 inch.

The temperature was highest (62) on Saturday (27th ult.); lowest (35) on Friday (26th ult.); range 47.

Rain fell on



THE BISHOP OF LONDON, presiding at the annual meeting of the National Temperance League, said that all the symptoms and signs of triumph were on their side, as was proved by the steady growth of their numbers, and by the fervour and rational, but glowing, zeal with which they were urging it on; while the zeal and efforts of their opponents were daily waxing colder. But for this the Chancellor of the Exchequer would never have ventured, in his new Budget, to impose on the publicans an additional charge of 500,000. Again, the fight for Sunday closing was being gradually won by the total abstainers. total abstainers.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, since his recent return from Australia, has issued another manifesto against the wearing of finery by female candidates for Confirmation. Neatness and simplicity by semale candidates for Confirmation. Neatness and simplicity are the two things needed. "Nothing," Dr. Thorold says, "would distress me more than to have to send a candidate back for showy or tawdry apparel; but, for example's sake, it may be necessary to

THE ninetieth anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held on Tuesday, when it was stated that the ordinary income for the last year, 211,378%, was the largest ever received, being 16,821% more than the preceding year, 3,602% more than the highest amount yet recorded, and 12,000% more than the average of the last ten years; nor was this due to legacies which had average of the last ten years; nor was this due to legacies, which had been below the average.

THE ONE PREBENDAL STALL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL will, the Record says, probably be presented to the Bishop of Marlborough, in order to give that Suffragan Prelate the recognised status in the metropolitan Cathedral which he is at present without.

THE MEMBERS OF KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD, have presented to its late Warden, now Vicar of Leeds, the Rev. Edward S. Talbot, some handsome silver plate, with 700l. in money, which is to be devoted to founding an Edward Talbot Scholarship in that College for the encouragement of study among undergraduates.

BESIDES THE "CARDINAL MANNING TESTIMONIAL FUND," which has for some months been before the public, there is, the Tablet says, to be another and more personal offering, to which the Duke of Norfolk has subscribed 500l., other contributions bringing the present total to about 1,500l.

Miscellaneous.—The Rev. E. Noel Hodges has accepted the Bishopric of Travancore and Cochin, offered him by the Primate.—Archdeacon Hessey contradicts the report that he is about to resign the Archdeaconry of Middlesex.—Professor Westcott has been appointed Lady Margaret's Preacher at Cambridge, for the ensuing year.—The new Rector of Spitalfields held recently a short and simple service in Hebrew-German for Jews only, of whom three hundred accepted the invitation.—At the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the report showed a diminution of the deut from 16,8671. to 9,3821. Among the speakers who defended missionwork from recent assaults, was Sir Richard Temple.—The new President of the Baptist Union, the Rev. J. T. Wigner, stated in his inaugural address, that during the past year five churches and MISCELLANEOUS .- The Rev. E. Noel Hodges has accepted the his inaugural address, that during the past year five churches and thirteen personal members had withdrawn from the Union, while sixty-one churches and one hundred and sixteen personal members had been received into it.



A VICTOR HUGO MUSEUM will be opened this week in Paris, in the house where the poet died.

ORNAMENTS MADE OF ELEPHANTS' TAIL-HAIRS are the latest freak of fashion. The hairs are converted into bracelets and watchchains, with gold fixings.

THE GOLDEN ROSE which the Pope annually presents to the most deserving Roman Catholic Princess has been bestowed this year on the Archduchess Stéphanie of Austria. A special envoy has gone to Abbazia to present the Rose to the widowed Crown

LONDON MORTALITY during the last three weeks has numbered 1,493, 1,426, and 1,463, deaths, being respectively 303, 322, and 223 below the average, and at the rate of 179, 171, and 176 per 1,000. There were 2,509, 2,488, and 2,522 births registered, being 287, 356, and 314 below the average.

THE SILVER WEIDING OF THE COMTE DE PARIS will be kept

on May 30th, at his residence, near Twickenham, where the chief Orleanist partisans will gather in great force. The Comte was married at Kingston-on-Thames, in 1864, to the eldest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Then, as now, he was an exile from his native country.

AN ELABORATE EASTER EGG was sent to Emperor William of AN ELABORATE EASTER EGG was sent to Emperor William of Germany by a loyal Wiesbaden confectioner, who had devoted six months to its manufacture. The egg was made of barley sugar, and was held by sugar statuettes of Prince Bismarck and Von Moltke. The shell was decorated with a group of the Imperial family, also in coloured sugar; while inside was concealed a tiny musical box, which played the Prussian National Hymn.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The opening ceremonial on Manday next will be very simple.

President Carnot and his suite

coloured sugar; while inside was concealed a tiny musical box, which played the Prussian National Hymn.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The opening ceremonial on Monday next will be very simple. President Carnot and his suite will be received by the Ministry at the main eatrance of the chief Exhibition building on the Champ de Mars, and conducted to a platform under the dome, where the President will sit with the principal State dignitaries, some 1,300 guests being massed around. After patriotic songs from the choir, the President will declare the Exhibition open and make a speech, followed by a discourse from his Premier, M. Tirard. Then the Presidential procession will pass through as many of the buildings as possible, being received at each section by the diffe.ent committees, and strengthened on the way by a "lunch" in the "Food Products" Departments. It is not likely that M. Carnot will accomplish more than a tour of the Champ de Mars buildings, those on the Invalides Esplanade being left for a future occasion. After the inauguration the public will be admitted on bringing three-franc tickets, and in the evening a general illumination takes place. Within the last few days much order has been evolved out of chaos, and it really seems likely that the Exhibition will be better advanced than expected. The British Section is well ahead amongst the foreign departments, the United States, Russia, and Italy are rather behindhand, and Spain is almost empty.—A whole detachment of workmen will be employed on the night of May 4th clearing away empty packing-cases.—The various foreign pavilions round the Eiffel Tower look very picturesque. Mexico contributes an ancient Aztec Temple, lighted only from the roof, and nearly as curious is the quaint pavilion from San Salvador, covered with mysterious hieroglyphics. Brazil shows her products in a handsome white-domed building. The "Cairo Street" is a picturesque gathering of Arab houses, shops, and portions of a mosque, copied from the most characteristic buildings in the Egyptian section, "History of Hapitations of the World," where M. Charles Garnier has arranged models of dwellings from the earliest ages down to modern times, is rather adversely criticised, some of the models being considered poor national examples.—The Decennial Exhibitions of the models of the models of the models. being considered poor national examples.—The Determinal Exhibition—containing the works of French painters since the last Exhibition—promises to be ready long before the other Fine-Art Sections.—The huge champagne tun from Epernay, intended to eclipse the Heidelberg monster, has reached the Exhibition safely, after sundry disasters, such as sticking in the mud and breaking the gates of the Paris fortifications, to say nothing of damaging some of the Exhibition buildings and half-finished buildings.—Another exhibit, the largest vase in the world, has been broken during the exhibit, the largest vase in the world, has been broken during the transit. It was 11 ft. high, and had taken some years to complete. Its subject was the "Earth." Two sections of the globe, which formed the centre of the vase, have been smashed.—South African products will be displayed in a picturesque wooden house, copied from those of Pretoria.—There will be twenty-two entrances to the Exhibition.—Sixty-nine International Congresses will be held from June to October, devoted to subjects varying from mathematics and aeronautics to cheap dwellings and mental diseases, from technical instruction and artistic copyright to meteorology and



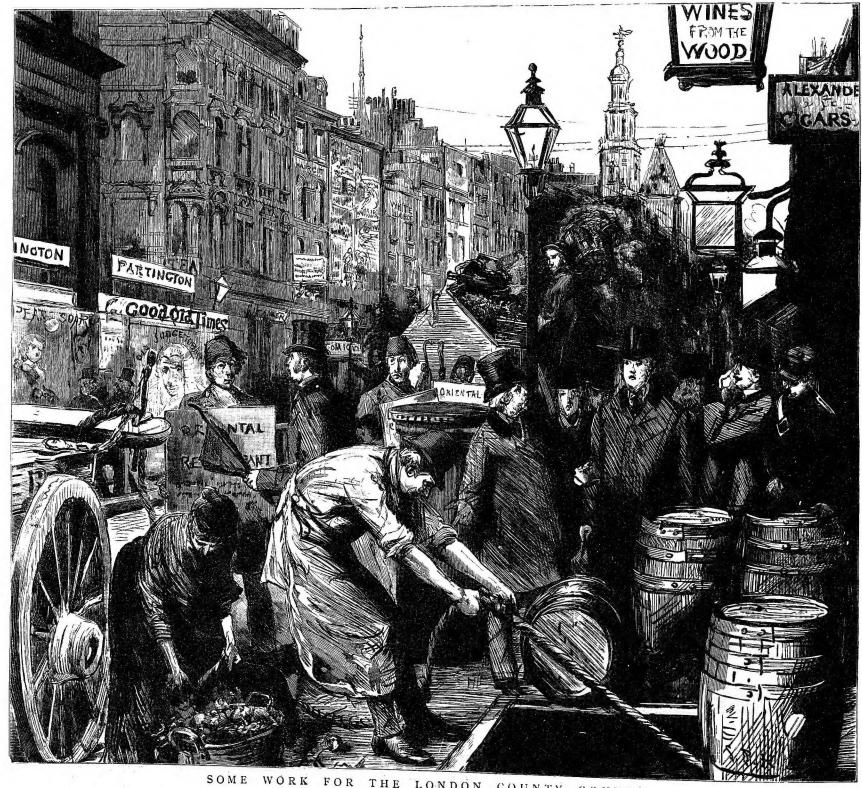
MR. JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT New Liberal-Unionist M.P. for Central Birmingham



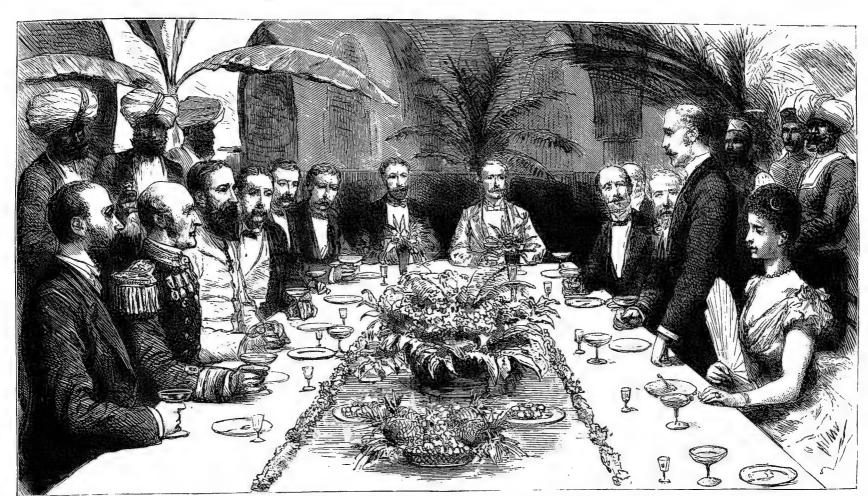
THE REV. CANON SIR F. A. GORE OUSELEY, BART,
Organist and Composer
Born August, 1825. Died April 6, 1839



THE HON, E. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN New Gladstonian M.P. for Rochester



SOME WORK FOR THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL A MORNING SCENE IN THE STRAND



FAREWELL BANQUET AT ZANZIBAR TO MR. GEORGE MACKENZIE, DIRECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL BRITISH EAST AFRICAN COMPANY

#### THE RIOTS AT CHINKIANG, CHINA

THE RIOTS AT CHINKIANG, CHINA
EARLY in February last, a terrible riot occurred at Chinkiang, a port on the Yangtsze River. For some time past it appears that bad blood has existed between the Sikh Police (who are employed by the Municipal Council of the Foreign Concession, and are nicknamed by the populace "Red Heads," on account of their red turbans), and the inhabitants of the native city. Some of these policemen were accused of ill-treating a man who is variously described as a street-beggar and an interpreter employed at the American Consulate. The man fell down as if dead, but on being examined by a doctor and a police inspector was pronounced to be shamming. However, the mob declared that he had been killed, and at once commenced a furious attack on the Station. The few constables who were within fled for their lives; whereupon the infuriated crowd poured in, and pulled

the building to pieces, scarcely leaving one stone upon another. Then, after smashing the windows of the houses of some Members of the Municipal Council (the occupants having all escaped), the mob turned towards the British Consulate, which is on a bluff overlooking the Settlement. The Consul, Mr. Mansfield, his wife, and two young children, had barely time to fly, when the building was in flames, the rioters piling up inflammable stuff ali round it. Everything was destroyed, the building and its contents being reduced to a heap of ashes. The American Consulate was next attacked, but as it was surrounded by Chinese houses it was not set on fire. It was, however, stripped of everything moveable. The local authorities seem to have behaved with great apathy, for they sent only a few unarmed soldiers to quell the riot, and these men are said to have sympathised with the mob, and joined in the work of destruction. By this time the disturbance had

reached enormous proportions; private houses, chapels, and warehouses being set on fire. Meanwhile the foreign residents, among whom were a dozen ladies and some twenty children, fled for their lives. They were hotly pursued by the mob, but managed to get on board a foreign hulk lying in the river, and from thence were transferred to a foreign steamer, which had opportunely arrived. All this occurred on February 6th. Assistance shortly arrived: H.M.S. Mutine had been telegraphed for from Shanghai, but before she came in the ladies and children had been transferred in a Chinese steamer to that city. The authorities now poured troops into Chinkiang, and order was soon restored. We may mention that the town was full of famine-refugees, but they are not supposed to have had any share in the riots. Indeed, Mr. Mansfield had been most active in collecting funds, and distributing relief.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Charles W. Mason, of the Custom House, Chinkiang.



THE RECENT RIOTING AT CHINKIANG, CHINA THE BURNING OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE AND THE ATTACK ON THE FOREIGN RESIDENTS



The UNITED STATES this week have been celebrating the centenary of the inauguration of Washington as President with characteristic enthusiasm and fervour. Tuesday the actual anniversary was observed as a general thanksgiving and holiday throughout the States, with special religious services in the churches, but the chief interest of the celebration has centred in New York, which has presented a succession of picturesque and brilliant spectacles. These began on Thursday, when President Harrison came into New York Harbour in the steamer Despatch, on which he had embarked at Elizabeth Port, New Jersey. The harbour and river were thronged with shipping, an imposing array of warships saluted the Despatch as she passed Staten Island, while two long lines of merchant vessels formed an avenue through which she steamed. The President landed at Wall Street, being rowed ashore in a barge, so as to imitate Washington's landing in 1789, and was received by Governor Hill and the various State and City officials. He then went in procession to the Equitable Building, where he lunched and held a reception, going afterwards to the City Hall, where he received a prettily-conceived welcome from some 200 schoolgirls, who strewed flowers in his path, one young damsel making a little speech in greeting. A popular reception then took place of some 5,000 people, and the President inaugurated the new century by abandoning the traditional custom of shaking hands, and contented himself with bowing to each individual. In the evening there was a grand Centennial Ball at the Metropolitan Opera Hou e.

Tuesday was ushered in with salutes from warships and land batteries, while the church bells rang out anthems and patriotic airs. President Harrison and Vice-President Morton drove to St. Paul's at nine o'clock, and the President, sitting in Washington's pew, listened to the Thanksgiving Service, and a sermon from Bishop Potter on the character of Washington, with lessons drawn from early American history. This at an end, the Presidential party drove to Wall Street, and there, under the statue marking the spot of the first inauguration, the speeches of the day were made. After an invocation from the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Whittier's poem on "The Vow of Washington" was read, and then Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the orator of the day, delivered an address dealing with the historical difficulties and dangers which had beset the foundation of the Union, and with the brilliant future the United States have before them, and pronouncing an enthusiastic eulogy of Washington, whose "life and character conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to Union and Liberty." President Harrison followed with another panegyric on "the first American citizen," and coming down to very recent events likened Washington, "the incarnation of duty," to "the captain who goes to sea and throws over his cargo of rags that he may gain safety and deliverance for his imperilled fellow-men." This allusion to the captain of the Missouri was hailed with loud cheering. The President next drove to Madison Square, where a great military parade of some fifty thousand troops took place before him in three divisions—the United States forces, the State troops, and the veterans of the War. In the evening there was a grand banquet at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the whole city was brilliantly illuminated agrand al fresco concert being given in Madison Square by the German Singing Societies.

France is preparing for her Centennial celebration next week, and the programme for Sunday and Monday's proceedings are now complete. On Sunday President Carnot will drive in State to Versailles, visit the old Hotel des Menus Plaisirs, where the States-General held their first sitting in 1789, and, after a parade of troops, will hold a grand reception in the historic Galérie des Glaces. On Monday the President will open the Exhibition with all due ceremony. The one drop of bitterness in the cup of rejoicing is the absence of the various European Ambassadors and Ministers from the festivities—as one and all have taken leave of absence on various excuses to avoid being present at the commerciation of the overthrow of French Monarchy. This had been foreseen from the first, but it had been hoped that the commercial and industrial character of the Exhibition would have out-weighed its political character, and people are now consoling themselves, in the words of the Temps, that their abstention is not to be interpreted as a protest against the ideas of 1789, for the Revolution not only made contemporary France but modern Europe, and all countries have been indebted to its benefits. "The fête of the Revolution is that of Human Society, and at that lofty elevation diplomatic uniforms are but dimly discerned." Meanwhile Lord Lytton, on Tuesday, in referring to the Exhibition at the annual dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce, although he spoke of its organisers as having invited their countrymen to associate the opening with "certain events of their history," declared that the Exhibition was regarded with interest by the commercial communities of other countries solely as an industrial enterprise, and not at all as a political manifesto. The Exhibition itself and the Paris Salon, which has opened this week, are referred to in another column, and the other leading Parisian topic has been the proposed re-organisation of the Comptoir d'Escompte as recommended by Messrs. Morand and Minchicourt in their report. By this

harbour blew up on Monday night—three lives being lost.

Germany is deep in the Samoan Conference, which began on Monday. The American delegates, Messrs. Kasson, Phelps, and Bates, arrived last week; and Mr. Bates, whose article on Samoa in the Century had excited some prejudice against him in German official circles, took the first opportunity to explain to Count Bismarck that he had written the article before he knew of his appointment, that he had endeavoured in vain to get it cancelled, and that many of his assertions have been materially qualified by the statements in the subsequently published White Book, which proved the fair attitude of the German Government. The British delegates are Sir E. Malet, Mr. Scott, Minister to Berne, and Mr. J. A. Crowe, Commercial Attaché at Paris, who was one of the English representatives at the Congo Conference. The Con-

ference is presided over by Count Herbert Bismarck, who on Monday, in addressing the Delegates, declared that Germany cherished no selfish and secret schemes of annexation and aggrandisement among the islands of the Pacific, especially the Samoan group, and merely aimed at safe-guarding and promoting the rights of such of her subjects as had acquired extensive commercial interests in that part of the world. He earnestly recommended secrecy with regard to the deliberations. Some surprise was caused by the Count speaking in French—as the two American delegates are totally unacquainted with that language; and it is thought that in further deliberations English will be used. To turn to Samoa itself, ex-King Malietoa, having apologised for the treatment of the Germans, has been set at liberty. On Tuesday, the Emperor, who list week visited Weimar, opened an Exhibition at Berlin of articles connected with the prevention of accidents and the saving of human life.

In Eastern Europe the general feeling of uneasiness is not decreasing. In Roumania the heir to the throne, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, has been summoned to Bucharest, to be inducted into his duties as Crown Prince, in order to counteract the anti-dynastic intrigues of the Panslavists, who, it is stated, are trying to unseat King Charles.—In Servia, ex-King Milan has announced his speedy return to Belgrade, as he is evidently afraid of the return of the Metropolitan Michael, and even more so of Queen Nathalie, who will not be betrayed into divulging her intended movements.—In Bulgarian, the very decided statement of M. Stambouloff, last week, that the Bulgarians would stand by Prince Ferdinand to the death is looked upon as a rejection of the recent intimation of the Czar that he would pardon the Principality if it would only eject Prince Ferdinand. Then comes a report, or rather a detailed statement, published in the Standard, and republished without comment in the Fremdenblatt (Count Kalnoky's organ), of Russia's designs for a direct and sudden movement upon Constantinople. Altogether, the East is full of vague alarms and apprehensions. Meanwhile, Russia herself is uneasy at the extent of the recently-discovered Nihilist conspiracy, and some compromising evidence is said to have been found affecting even the heads of the secret police, the chief of whom is to be superseded.

In India matters in Cashmere are now to be managed by a native State Council which consists of four members, and has been appointed on the recommendation of the Resident, under whose advice and control it will act. General Roberts has been on a visit to the Maharajah, who has entertained him at a grand banquet.— The Sikkim Question still remains unsettled, and in view of eventualities it has been decided to strengthen the garrison at Gnatong. The Lamas are described as "doggedly defiant."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——In CANADA there has been a terrible railway disaster on the Grand Trunk line, near Hamilton, Ontario. On Sunday the fast express from Chicago left the track. The smokers' carriage crashed on the top of the engine, and was set on fire, seventeen of its inmates being roasted to death. The intense heat drove back the rescuers, and in a few minutes the unfortunate victims were burned to death before the eyes of the survivors.—In Austria, the tramcar strike at Vienna is at an end, the Company having conceded the twelve hours' day, and extra pay for overtime. The riots have resulted in the arrest of 460 persons, and damage to private property amounting to 10,000%, while the company will have to pay a forfeit of 5,000% for the stoppage of the traffic. On Monday the Great Roman Catholic Congress was opened at Vienna.—In EGYPT it is stated that Khartoum has fallen to the Wad-el-Senoussi and his followers.—In EAST AFRICA Bushiri has released the Rev. W. E. Taylor and Dr. Edwards, who, together with Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe, arrived on Sunday at Zanzibar. Mr. Hooper, however, is still detained a prisoner.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Court has pronounced Dinizulu guilty of high treason, and has sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment. Undabuko and Tshingara have been sentenced respectively to fifteen and twelve years' imprisonment.—The projected Congo railway is estimated to cost 1,000,000%. It will be 260 miles long, and will run from Matadi, on the Lower Congo, to Indolo, on Stanley Pool. The journey will take two days.



The Queen returned to Windsor from Sandringham on Saturday During her stay with the Prince and Princess of Wales, Her Majesty showed the greatest interest in the various institutions and farms connected with the Royal estate, visiting the Princess's Industrial School, the Sandringham Working Men's Clubs and Schools; the kennels, pheasantries, and stud-farms, besides inspecting Sandringham, West Newton, and Wolferton churches. The Queen further received an address from the Sandringham tenants, visited the camp of the Second Brigade Eastern Division Royal Artillery, and called on Sir E. and Lady Green at Ken Hill, also taking tea at the various Rectories. Indeed, the Royal party were driving about the neighbouring points of interest nearly all day, while a small dinner-party was given each evening, when the band of the Norfolk Artillery played. The Queen delayed her departure some hours on Saturday morning owing to the lateness of the performance of The Bells and the Trial Scene from The Merchant of Venice by the Lyceum Company the night before. Her Majesty sent for Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry after the performance, and presented the former with a pair of diamond links, and the latter with a diamond brooch. The Prince and Princess of Wales and family saw Her Majesty and Princess Louise off from Wolferton, and a warm reception was given to the Royal party by the people assembled along the route, the Queen going home much pleased with her visit, and with the enthusiasm shown throughout Norfolk. On returning to Windsor, Princess Louise took leave and went back to London. Next morning, Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Master of Trinity preached, while Dr. Butler also joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening. On Monday, Prince Henry left the Castle for Portsmouth. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, the Duc d'Orleans, and Princess Hélène lunched with Her Majesty on Tuesday, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain dined with the Queen in the evening. The

The Prince and Princess of Wales' party at Sandringham dispersed with the departure of the Queen, the Earl and Countess of Leicester, Professor Vambéry, and other guests leaving immediately afterwards. On Sunday, the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and Prince George, attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. F. Hervey preached. The Prince left Sandringham for Marlborough House on Monday, and later in the week the Princess and family came up to town for the season, in time to attend the Drawing Room yesterday. The Prince attended

the Newmarket Races on Tuesday, and during his stay occupied rooms at the Jockey Club. The Prince returned to town on Thursday. Next Tuesday, the Prince holds a Levée, while the Princess lays the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Hospital for Women in the Euston Road.

The Duke of Edinburgh has returned to England still suffering from his sharp attack of Maltese fever. The malady is statel to have arisen from the insanitary condition of the Admirally House at Valetta, and was aggravated by exposure to bad weather during the efforts made under the Duke's superintendence to save the stranded solution. He was very ill during the voyage home, and the Alexandra was obliged to travel under slow steam. The Duchess was at Portsmouth to receive her husband, having come back from Coburg with her children, but though she spent some hours with the Duke, he was neither allowed to land in the night air, nor to receive the officials who came on board. The Duche landed early on Sunday morning, and, though he looked weak and higgird, he walked to the train, and bore the journey to town well under the care of the Duchess and Sir Oscar Clayton. He is already much better for the change, but will not be able to see friends nor transact business for several days.



DEATH OF MR. CARL ROSA.—The distinguished operatic impresario, Mr. Carl Rosa, died suddenly in Paris on Tuesday morning of peritonitis, the result of a cold caught while crossing the Channel on the night of Good Friday. At the period of his death, Mr. Rosa had also arranged for the production of a yet unwritten opera by the young Scotsman, Mr. Hamish McCunn. Mr. Carl Rosa will be buried in England, and his operatic troupe will—at any rate as to next season—be continued, probably under the direction of Mr. Augustus Harris.—We reserve Mr. Rosa's biography until we publish his portrait.

The Opera Prospectuses.—The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera was officially issued on Saturday. It is still incomplete, as other important engagements are pending. But as the document now stands it presents one somewhat unusual feature, in that it is almost entirely free from the fashionable prima donna element. The sopranos include two debutantes—Fräulein Schläger, who is one of the artists of the Vienna Opera, and is reported to be extremely pretty, and Mdlle. Lita, a Roumanian; while there are also engaged Mesdames Russell, Valda, Fürsch-Madi, Valda, MacIntyre, Engel, and Van Zandt. Among the contraltos there are Mesdames Scalchi, Louise Lablache, and Bauermeister; together with Mdlle. Jeanne de Vigne, who has already sung in the provinces; Miss Robiolio, formerly a pupil of Madame Jenny Lind at the Royal College of Music; Mdlle. Petisch, a pupil of the lady who taught Miss MacIntyre; and Miss Lena Bell. The tenor list is headed by MM. Jean De Reszke and Barton M'Guckin, and among the new comers are MM. Antonio d'Andrade, brother of the well-known baritone; Montariol of Brussels, who will play David in Die Meistersinger; Massimi, who is now on tour in the United States with Madame Albani; Lestellier, who, if we mistake not, sang here a few seasons ago; and Talazac, of the Paris Opera Comique. The troupe is strong in baritones and basses, such as MM. Lassalle, F. d'Andrade, Winogradow (the young Russian who remained in England after the collapse of the season at the Jodrell). Cotogni, E. de Reszke, Castelmary, Novara, Abramoff, and Ciampi. Mr. Carrodus leads the orchestra of seventy-five performers, conducted by MM. Mancinelli, Randegger, and Arditi. There will be no novelties properly so called, but revivals are promised of Bizet's Les Pêcheurs de Perles and (for M. Jean de Reszke) Meyerbeer's Le Prophète, Wagner's Die Meistersinger, and, in French, Gounol's Romo et Juliette. The season will begin on Saturday week, the 18th inst., with Les Pêcheurs de Perles, and it will lait till July 27th.

Mr. J. H. Mapleson announces the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre on the 25th inst., and the house is now being redecorated for that purpose. His company is admittedly not yet complete. Mr. Mapleson is, however, said to have informed an "interviewer" (and the statement can of course not, therefore, be accepted as official) that he hopes to secure the return of Madame Christine Nilsson for six representations, and the services of Mesdames Albani, Sembrich, Marie Rôze, Valleria, Trebelli, and Tremelli, and Sefor Gayarre, with two new sopranos, Mdlles. Pacini and Torrigi, a new tenor, Signor Lucignani, and two conductors, MM. Bevignani and Bimboni. But until the regular prospectus is issued it will be well to accept such reports with all due reserve.

A preliminary subscription list was opened last week for the performances of Verdi's Otello, at the Lyceum, in July. The sales, particularly for the first night, were said to be satisfactory, but the list is now closed until the opening of the regular box-office on the 3rd prox. The details of the Otello performances, in which Signor Faccio and the Milan orchestra will take part, have already been announced. The whole troupe will start from Milan by special train on the 29th prox., in order to have time for rehearsals and to open at the Lyceum on July 5th.

"FADDIMIR."—A new comic opera, entitled Faldimir, by Messrs. Arthur Reed and Oscar Neville, is being played this week at matinées at the Vaudeville Theatre. There is nothing in the pretty, though conventional, music which calls for special remark, save that the comic songs were on the first day greatly appreciated, and that a love duet in the first act was heartily applauded. The silly story deafs with the adventures of a pair of lovers, the swain being the rightful heir to a Grand Dukedom. His wicked uncle, however, embroils him with his subjects by ordering, in the young man's name, that the Anarchists shall buy soap and wash themselves. Soap is antipathetic to a Nihilist, and it is accordingly resolved that young Alexis shall be killed. Eventually he disguises himself as an Irish Home Ruler, and undertakes the deed himself, stabbing a dumny made up after his own likeness instead. The work pleased a friendly audience, but it is too crude and slight in plot to serve for a whole afternoon's entertainment.

CONCERTS.—The regular concert season will commence after this week. The Richter concerts begin on Monday, and the programme this year will be devoted largely to the music of Wagner and Beethoven.—On the 9th, the eminent Belgian violinist M. Ysaye will make his debut at the Philharmonic Concert in no less arduous a test than Beethoven's Violin Concerto. On the same day, Mr. Robert Goldbeck's opera, Newport, will be produced at Devonshire House.—On the 10th, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé will commence their Chamber Music Concerts, and in the course of the season will produce Brahm's new Sonata in D minor, three posthumously published quartets by Cherubini, composed in 1835, Dvorák's string quartet in E, Op. 30, Wagner's Album Sonata in A flat, written in 1853, and works by Martucci, Algernon Ashton, and others.—The Sarasate Concerts, at each of which the Andalusian violinist will usually perform a couple of concertos, will commence on the 11th.—In addition to these there are an enormous number of pianoforte recitals and chamber concerts ahead.—In regard to the recent concerts, the only performances to be noticed are a miscellaneous programme offered at the Crystal

Palace on Saturday; the Stock Exchange Orchestral Concert, at which Mr. W. C. Hann performed M. Saint Saën's violoncello concerto which Mr. W. C. train performed M. Saint Saen's violoncello concerto and when Haydn's "Clock" symphony, and Mendelssohn's cantata To Sons of Art were given; the first of Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse's chamber concerts, the scheme of which included Brahms' pianoforte trio in C minor, on Tuesday; Miss Meredyth Elliott's conference and a performance of the conference of t cert on Wednesday; and a performance, announced at the Crystal Palace, of Schumann's pianoforte concerto by Miss Bauer on the same day.

Notes and News.—The Prince of Wales, and it is hoped also the Duke of Edinburgh, will be pres nt at a smoking concert to be given by the Stock Exchange Orchestra on the 7th.—The almost unique library of the late Sir Frederic Gore Ouseley is bequeathed to the Bodleian, Oxford, unless the trustees of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, are willing to undertake its charge.—Dr. von Bülow's tour in the United States has been so successful that the Doctor will probably return there next year.—Mr. Novara, the well-known English basso of the Royal Italian Opera, has teen engaged to su port Madame Patti during her American tour next winter.—Mr. Sims Reeves was last week announced to commence his arewell tour at Eastbourne, but, unfortunately, he was too ill his arewell tour at Eastbourne, but, unfortunately, he was too ill to appear.—The death is announced, at the age of fifty-one, of Mrs. Carrodus, wife of the popular violinist.—Señor Sarasate has been engaged to perform at two concerts of the Leeds Festival next



THE SPECIAL COMMISSION. -With the resumption of the sittings of the Court on Tuesday, Mr. Parnell went into the witness-box, and his examination-in-chief was so conducted as to witness-nox, and his chainfaither harms as conducted as to permit him to detail his political autobiography. Its tendency was to represent himself as from first to last resolved to conduct, by strictly Constitutional means, an agitation having for one of its chief aims the conversion of the Irish occupier into an ome or its emerating the conversion of the first occupier into an owner. If he was sometimes actively associated with men who had advocated physical force, he professed himself either ignorant of such advocacy or persuaded that they had been converted to his view advocacy or persuaded that they had been converted to his view that a Constitutional agitation was the right one. All that was most startling in the evidence of Le Caron—of interviews with whom he had not the slightest recollection—he treated as the purest invention. Asked as to the statement, for instance, that he had spoken to Le Caron of his belief that nothing but force of arms would ever bring about the redemption of Ireland, Mr. Parnell replied, "I never said that, I never even thought it. In the worst period of coercion I never for one single moment doubted that the Constitutional movement of our Parliamentary action would succeed in the end." Not a farthing of any fund of which he had cognizance was ever devoted with his knowledge to the encouragement of outrage. When crime farthing of any fund of which he had cognizance was ever devoted with his knowledge to the encouragement of outrage. When crime increased largely in Ireland, not only he, but Mr. Davitt, regarded it as a misfortune, and he repeated what he had said before in pullic as to his horror on hearing of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and as to his view of it then as the greatest calamity that could have befallen the cause. In regard to the forever speech at Cincinnati in which he was reported to have to the famous speech at Cincinnati, in which he was reported to have declared that he and his friends would never be satisfied until they declared that he and his friends would never be satisfied until they had destroyed the last link that kept Ireland bound to England, he would not positively deny, but he did not believe, that he had used the words, adding, "it is very unlike everything else I said," and that though the words were in the report of his speech published in the Irish World, of New York, they were not in that of a Cincinnati daily paper which appeared the morning after the speech was delivered. Mr. Parnell's examination-in-chief occupied the whole of Tuesday and a portion of Wednesday, when his cross-examination by the and a portion of Wednesday, when his cross-examination by the Attorney-General began. Much of it was directed to elicit from Mr. Parnell admissions of his having accepted the co-operation, financial and otherwise, of newspapers in which, and of persons by whom, a resort to physical force had been advocated.

IF A BILL INTRODUCED BY Mr. Addison, Q.C., becomes law, there is some chance that members of the class known as "prowlers" will meet with their deserts. In one of its provisions he proposes to treat as an "idle and disorderly person," and therefore liable to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, every person who, in a place of public resort, "persistently and without lawful excuse follows, accosts, or addresses any female against her will and to her annovance"

will, and to her annoyance."

will, and to her annoyance."

JOTTINGS.—St. Paul's Cathedral will be delivered, for a few months, at least, and probably for longer, from the noisy exclamations and declamations of Mr. Herbert Freund, with whose eccentricities the public are familiar, he having been brought into Court no fewer than fourteen times charged with "brawling." On the evening of Easter Sunday he not only disturbed the congregation, but assaulted a verger. In his defence he spoke as if he were a lunatic; but the Lord Mayor was of the opinion that he feigned insanity in order to escape the consequences of fanaticism, and sentenced him to two months' imprisonment for the brawling and two months for the assault.—Victims of the organ-grinding nuisance may derive comfort from the decision of the Marlborough Street Police Magistrate in the case of a piano organ-grinder who refused, Police Magistrate in the case of a piano organ-grinder who refused, when asked, to cease playing before a house tenanted by a composer of music, who at the time was at work on a cantata, and declared of music, who at the time was at work on a cantata, and declared that such playing "ground every atom of inspiration out of him." Mr. Hannay fined the delinquent 205., with the alternative of fourteen days' hard labour, adding that if he reappeared in the Court he would be sent to prison.—Those most conversant with the ways of the predatory classes have least faith in the truth of the adage which speaks of "honour among thieves." Certainly, however, it was exemplified in the case of a man convicted at the County of London Sessions of stealing a horse, which was found in the possession of himself and a fellow workman. Some unpleasant questions having been put to him as to how he had come by it, he gave a loud whistle, upon which his companion ran off. When asked in custody what was his friend's name, he refused to give it, remarking that "he made it a rule never to round on a pal."



THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A SUMMARY verdict on a collection of considerably more than two thousand works of art of various kinds can convey only a very vague idea. It may, however, be safely said that, at least as regards the oil pictures, the present Academy Exhibition is not at all inferior to that of last year. The contributions of two or three of the artists whose works are always looked for with much curiosity

and interest are small and unimportant, and some others are not seen quite at their best. On the other hand, several of the younger painters, whose names are not yet famous, show a distinct advance on their previous productions. If among the few very large and ambitious works there is not much to justify enthusiasm, there are no conspicuous failures; and the pictures of moderate size that come under the externary of games are lively as the content of the pictures of moderate size that come under the category of genre—realisations of historic incident, illustrations of fiction, and scenes of modern life, English and foreign—are rather more numerous and of higher average merit

In the first gallery, hanging on either side of a large and not very interesting Egyptian landscape, by Mr. Goodall, is an excellent example of Sir Frederick Leighton's cultivated style. "The Invocation"—a life-sized half-length of a maiden with uplifted Invocation "—a life-sized half-length of a maiden with uplifted arms, raising her white veil as she approaches an altar—is chiefly noteworthy for the serene beauty of the pale face, and the admrablei modelling of the finely-formed hands and arms. The second picture representing a "Sibyl" seated beside her tripod in an attitude of simple dignity, and with a profoundly melancholy expression on her face, is in some respects a finer work. While quite as masterly in technique, it is grander in style, and more impressive. The central place on the opposite wall is occupied by a Scotch landscape of moderate size, "Murthly Water," by Sir John Millais, showing the most conscientious care in the rendering of the complicated ramifications of the leafless trees and the varied autumnal tints in the foreground. A more novel, if not a later, landscape by him, hanging in the third room, we shall notice later. "The Surrender," representing the Spanish Admiral delivering his sword to Sir Francis Drake, is not one of the best of Mr. Seymour Lucas's works of the kind. The incident is clearly set forth, and the numerous figures are naturally grouped and expressive; but the picture seems to be unfinished in parts, and is rather weak and flimsy in effect.

Tennyson's "Idylls of the Kings" has furnished Mr. Frank Dicksee with a subject admirably suited to his style. His large "The Passing of Arthur," hanging at the end of the second room, is marked by distinct originality; it is thoroughly artistic in treatment, poetical in feeling, and impressive. The armed king lying bareheaded in the barge, the three weeping queens, and the mysterious black-hooded men standing out in strong religion against the terious black-hooded men standing out in strong relief against the wide moonlit lake, are arranged with a fine sense of harmony of line. The picture has been carefully studied throughout, but its charm lies not in the beauty of any individual part, but in its breadth and comprehensive unity of effect, its fulness of tone, and the air of solemn stillness that pervades it. Mr. G. H. Boughton's large picture of two ladies seated in a flower-garden overlooking large picture of two ladies seated in a flower-garden overlooking the sea, "The Sisters," is an excellent example of unconventional portraiture, remarkable, among other good qualities, for its graceful simplicity of treatment and refined beauty of colour. In the Venetian scene on the opposite wall, by Mr. Henry Woods, the flower-girls and other characteristic figures naturally grouped together "On the Steps of the Scuola, San Rocco," are lie-like in expression and gestures, but the execution is rather harsh and the colour-garish. Beside it hangs an excellent Italian landscape with figures, "Under the Olives," by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, which we prefer to his larger "Ophelia" in another room.

Mr. Orchardson's large picture of fashionable Parisian life in the beginning of the last century, "The Young Duke," occupying a central place in the third gallery, though less interesting in subject than some of his recent works, in some qualities of Art is superior to any of them. The gentlemen who have risen from the richly-furnished dining-table, and with uplifted glasses are effusively drinking the health of their youthful host, who, lolling back in his chair, seems fully conscious of his own importance, are skilfully varied in character, attitude, and expression. The sumptuous silver ornaments, the fruits of various kinds, and the flowers on the laced white table cloth, that occupies a large space in the foreground, together with the various delicately-tinted costumes, and the more sombre tones of the rich tapestry on the wall behind, are arranged so as to produce a broad and admirably harmonious effect of light and shale and colour. Every part of the picture bears its right relative value to the rest, and the workmanship throughout is of the finest kind. "Ego et Rex Meus," representing Henry VIII. leaning confidingly on the arm of Cardinal Wolsey, is one of the best of Sir John Gilbert's recent works, strongly painted and glowing with rich colour. The head of the King is not very much like that so often depicted by Holbein, but the astute face of the Cardinal is excellent. Mr. H. S. Marks shows his remarkable skill in depicting character and fastidious completeness of workmanship in a picture of a decrease and in the newseaper to a group of provincials in the Mr. Orchardson's large picture of fashionable Parisian life in the is excellent. Mr. H. S. Marks shows his remarkable skill in depicting character and fastidious completeness of workmanship in a picture of a doctor reading the newspaper to a group of provincials in the courtyard of an inn. Mr. Calderon has chosen a pathetic incident of war as the subject of his large picture, "A Peasant's Home on the Evening of a Great Victory," but has not succeeded in rendering it interesting. Among the best of many large and important figure-pictures that we shall notice later are Mr. Herkomer's "Chapel of the Charterhouse," Mr. Luke Fildes' animated Venetian scene, "An Al-Fresco Toilette," Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Fisherman's Wedding," Mr. Frank Bramley's "Saved," and Mr. F. D. Millet's admirable illustration from Knickerbocker's "New York," "Anton Van Corlear, the Trumpeter." Van Corlear, the Trumpeter.'

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THE Summer Exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall East, together with a few good figure-pictures, contains a large number of excellent landscapes and sea-views. Most of them, including all the best, are however of small size, and, being by artists whose works have long been familiar to the public, present no especially novel feature. Close to the door, we come upon an excellent example of accurate landscape draughtsmanship, "The Walls of Old England," by Mr. E. J. Poynter. It is rather deficient in tone, but all the varied modulations of surface and form in the foreground-rocks and the long line of cliffs are depicted with the most conscientious fidelity. Beside it hangs a finely-modelled and charmingly life-like head of great beauty, "Face in the Audience," by Mr. Albert Moore. The only contribution of Mr. A. W. Hunt, a spacious view of "Windsor Castle" on a hazy summer afternoon, like most of his works of the kind, is finely modulated in tone and comprehensively true in effect. Mr. Matthew Hale also shows great power as a colourist in a forest scene, rich with autumnal tints and suffused by warm evening light. THE Summer Exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall East,

hensively trie in enect. In the case of the size of the room is occupied by one of as a colourist in a forest scene, rich with autumnal tints and sulfused by warm evening light.

The central place at the end of the room is occupied by one of Sir John Gilbert's most fanciful works, "The Witch." The sense-less terror of the two horses, scared by the sight of a weird old less terror of the two horses, scared by the sight of a weird old less terror of the two horses, a large romantic landscape composition, with small figures, conveys a sense of unreality, and is painted in a loose and sketchy manner. Mr. Henry Moore's "A Breezy Morning" is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning" is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning" is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting, one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting one of the Breezy Morning is a masterly piece of sea-painting of a well-group is a masterly piece of sea-pai

point of view, is an excellent rendering of the subject. It is more pure in colour, and more suggestive of movement and bright daylight, than anything we have seen by him. There is nothing by Mr. R. W. Allan so important as his sea-coast view at the Institute, but his fine sense of colour is seen in a delicately-toned drawing of "St. nne sense of colour is seen in a delicately-toned drawing of "St. Martin's Cross, Iona," and in two brilliant studies of the picturesque "Market 'Place at Dordrecht." Mr. Herbert Marshall has a broadly-painted and effective view of "Limehouse Reach;" and Miss Clara Montalba several rapidly executed Dutch and Venetian studies, among which the small view "On the Y, Amsterdam," is especially noteworthy for its purity of tone and spaciousness of effect

By Mr. H. S. Marks there is a curiously prosaic and not very interesting picture "The Knight's Tomb," representing a group of villagers staring vacantly at a mediæval monument; and by Mr. Willagers staring vacantly at a medieval monument; and by MI. Walter Crane two excellent examples of simple decorative design, "Flora" and "Pegasus." Mr. H. G. Glindoni shows much skill in characterisation, and some humour, in an imaginary scene of life in the last century entitled "The Substitute." A clever but very unattractive picture, representing on a life-sized scale a monk bearing a dish of steaming food, by Mr. W. J. Wainwright, is marked by stern realism. The colour is rather muddy, but the coarse comstern realism. The colour is rather muddy, but the coarse com-monplace face and the grimy hands are admirably drawn and modelled.

#### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

NOTWITHSTANDING the absence of many highly accomplished artists whose works we have been accustomed to see in this Gallery, the present exhibition contains a considerable amount of interesting matter. There is no very ambitious work, no realisation of historic or dramatic incident, but among the very numerous portraits and life-sized single figures there are several of great excellence. On entering the West Gallery we are first attracted by a large picture of a fair lady seated with a china bowl on her lap "Shelling Peas," of a fair lady scated with a china bowl on her lap "Sheffing Peas, by Sir John Millais. It is one of the most charming and, at the same time, one of the most masterly works of the kind that he has produced, remarkable for its delicate harmony of colour, as well as for the refined beauty of the lady's face and the simple grace of her attitude. There is no elaboration in it, but it is painted throughout with breadth, and expressive certainty of touch. Near it hangs the only important example of imaginative Art in the collection, representing "Prometheus" bound to the edge of a precipitous rock, his pendant figure overhanging the sea in deep shadow, and the eagle,

only important example of imaginative Art in the collection, representing "Prometheus" bound to the edge of a precipitous rock, his pendant figure overhanging the sea in deep shadow, and the eagle, in bright moonlight, seated by his head, by Mr. Briton Rivière. It is a thoroughly original rendering of the subject, large in style, and impressive. Mr. F. Goodall's large picture of a female of European type reclining in an Oriental interior, with a bird of brilliant plumage and a monkey beside her, called "Pets of the Harem," though not otherwise interesting, is marked by Academic accuracy of design and finished workmanship.

At the opposite end of the gallery hangs a remarkably good bust-portrait of a lady, by Mr. John Pettie, resembling the work of Reynolds in its well-modulated and glowing flesh-tints, as well as in the artistic treatment of the costume and background. In his life-sized portrait of "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," Mr. W. II. Margetson has faithfully depicted the pathetic expression of the lady's face and the expressive movement of her figure. In all technical qualities the picture is in advance of anything we have seen by him. Mr. J. J. Shannon's full-length of "The Marchioness of Granby" is graceful and dignified, but painted in a harsh, unsympathetic style. His half-length of "Miss Jean Graham," hanging in the third room, is more harmonious in colour, and in better keeping. On the opposite wall hangs a very striking life-sized portrait of a seated lady in a fantastic costume, half black and half white, called "A Magpie," by Mr. F. Markham Skipworth. Nothing could well be more life-like than the expression of the lovely face, or more spontaneous than the action of the figure. One of the best examples of refined and artistic portraiture in the collection is Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood's full-length of a lady in the character of Pauline, in The Lady of Lyons. It has beauty of form and natural grace of gesture. The treatment of the quaint costume is thoroughly artistic, and the varied local tints ar

artistic, and the varied local tints are of fine quality and harmoniouusly combined.

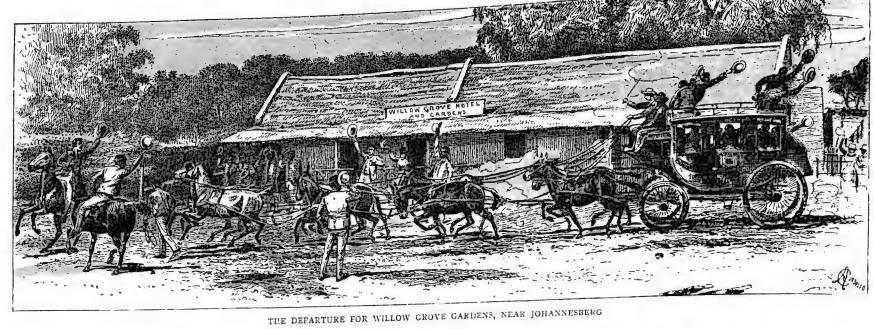
The largest landscape in the gallery, "The Weird Sisters," by Mr. McWhirter, representing three dead trees standing out in strong relief against a stormy sunset sky, is forcible and effective, but painted in rather coarse and careless style. Mr. J. C. Hook's sea-coast view, with figures, "Hauling in the Spiller," and Mr. H. Moore's "A Thunderstorm Passing Off" are good but not first-rate examples of their styles. Mr. A. East has a large, low-toned, and impressive moonlight scene; and Mr. J. Aumonier a picture of an orchard, with girls feeding fowls, remarkable for its atmospheric truth and vernal freshness of tint. A less-known painter, Mr. Moffat P. Lindner, shows very great ability in a large picture of a dismal river-side village under a stormy sky, "A Winter's Sunset." Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "A Kentish River," Mr. David Murray's "Oak Farm," and Mr. Wellwood Rattray's "Soft, Balmy June" well deserve examination. Three small "Decorative Panels for a Door," in which human figures and fishes are cleverly combined, by Mr. W. R. Weguelin, are original in design, and well adapted to their purpose. A well-composed decorative work on a larger scale, entitled "Life," is contributed by Miss E. S. Ford.

Among the works in sculpture are a life-sized figure of "A Water Number," by Mr. C. R. Birch and a very finely modelled "Marble."

Among the works in sculpture are a life-sized figure of "A Water Nymph," by Mr. C. B. Birch, and a very finely-modelled "Marble Head," by Mr. Harry Bates.

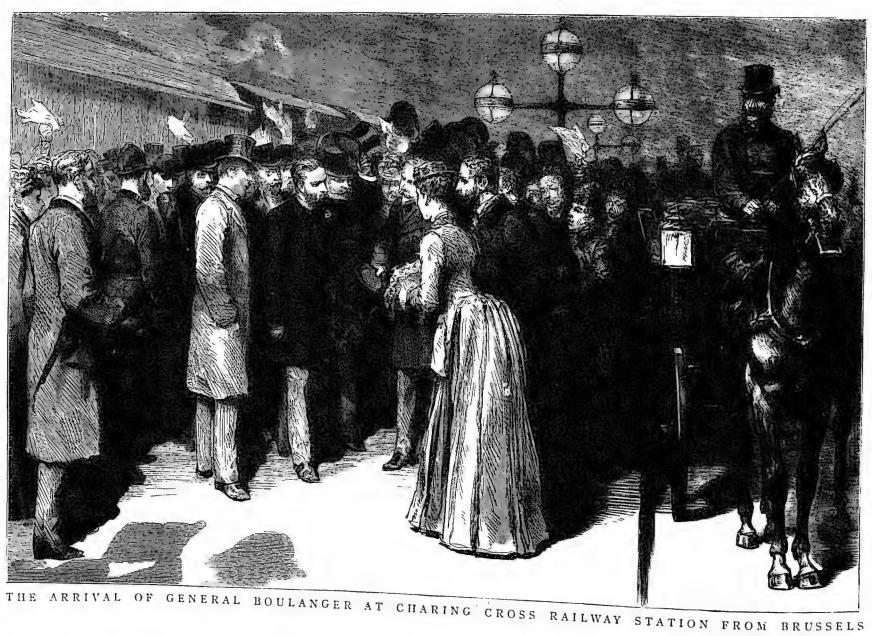


THE SEASON.—Here and there we hear of farmers having got so behindhand that they have had to abandon some of their spring sowings of corn. This, however, is quite exceptional, and we believe a very fair area of barley and oats has been sown. The early-sown barley and pulse are thriving, and so is the winter wheat, which has a thick and grassy appearance, very pleasant to the farmer's eye. The hedges are more than half out in the southern counties, and such comparatively late trees as the poplar and aspen now show their leaf-buds. Primroses in the woods are in great pronow show their leaf-buds. Primroses in the woods are in great profusion, while in the open garden hyacinths and daffodils have been joined by the more delicate narcissus. The sterile cherry shows a great wealth of blossom, and the regular fruit-trees are following suit. The growth of grass on the meadows has been rapid since Easter, and but for low prices at the corn markets the agricultural prospect would be satisfactory. The Easter week was a period of general arrival for the summer birds, the cuckoo having been heard at Claxton, near Norwich, on April 21st (Easter Sunday), by an observer who may be trusted not to have been deceived by the sportive youth who is doubtless the source of many reported "early arrivals" of this bird. The nightingale was heard by the same naturalist on the following day. Other trustworthy records are—cuckoo, Lingfield, Surrey, April 22nd; Chelmsford, same day; Kew, April 24th; and Watford, April 24th. The nightingale was heard at Kettering on April 24th; the blackcap was seen at Bloxham on April 21st, and at Selborne on April 22nd; the martin has



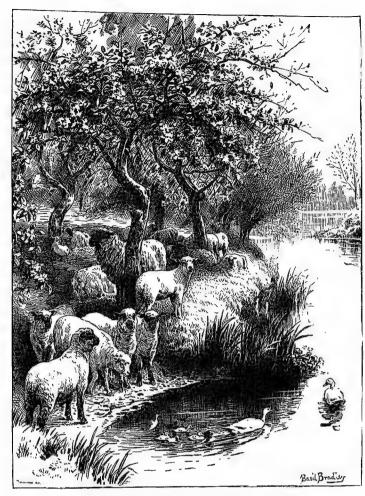


AFTER BREAKFAST AT WILLOW GROVE CARDENS CRICKETERS IN CLOVER-THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IN SOUTH AFRICA

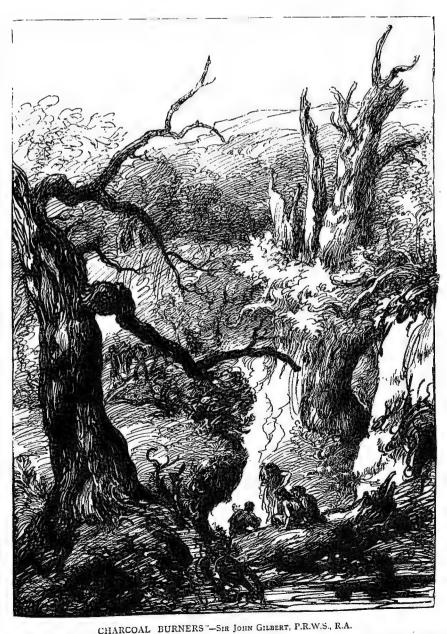




"A SUMMER SHOWER"-E. K. Johnson, R.W.S.



"IN SWEET SPRING TIME"-BASIL BRADLEY, A.R.W.S.



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS



been seen in all the home counties since April 24th; and the same date seems to have marked the general re-appearance of the sandmartin, red-start, tree-pipit, whinchat, whitethroat, willow-wren, wood-wren, and yellow wagtail. The wryneck, or cuckoo's messenger, was seen in Kent at two or three places on Good Friday, being four or five days in advance of the cuckoo, though a case of reported hearing at Lullingstone on the 20th is not to be entirely ignored. In the north of England the fieldfares still linger, though in greatly reduced numbers. The lapwings are busy nesting on the upland moors of Yorkshire. Wheatears were seen near Lancaster on Good Friday, and on the following day the willow-wren was both seen and heard in song, while on Easter Sunday the chiff-chaff, swallow, martin, and sand-martin were all noticed. The rapidity with which our summer visitors spread over the island is very remarkable, the southern counties having scarcely any start of the northern or eastern shires. been seen in all the home counties since April 24th; and the same the northern or eastern shires.

New Food for Stock.—In addition to ensilage, which owes its special value to its being moist food, there have been introduced during the last few years several useful new sorts of dry food for cattle. The muttor, which comes from Bengal, is not a pea, as commonly reputed. In Scinde the same word is used to describe peas, but this is a change of word-usage analogous to the Latin quercus, and the English fir which, although coming from the same original, import different species of trees. Muttor is botanically known as Lathyrus sativus, the pea, Pisum arvense, being but little grown, except in a few regions of Western India. Muttor should not be fed to cattle raw, for it contains a poisonous alkaloid, which requires to be destroyed by the steaming or boiling of the pulse. With this caution, however, it is a valuable, cheap, and nutritious food. Dholl is a very valuable pulse, the botanical name of which is Caianus indicus. It arrives very often adulterated with muttor, and —In addition to ensilage, which owes

buyers should see that the corn-chandler makes the needful separation. Being very rich in phosphoric acid, in nitrogen, starch, and sugar, dholl, at 22s. per quarter, is as cheap and good a feeding-sugar, dholl, at 22s. per quarter, is as cheap and good a feeding-sugar, although the chief food stuff as buyers can now procure. Gram, although the chief food pulse of India, is very little known in England. It should be pulse of India, is very little known in England. It should be steeped in cold water until it ceases to swell; if then fed to animals it is very healthy and nutritious. It is rich in oil and fat, and also it is very healthy and nutritious. It is rich in oil and fat, and also it is very healthy and potash. Ten pounds of gram may be fed to in phosphoric acid and potash. Ten pounds of gram may be fed to in horse with four pounds of oats in cold weather, and it is much favoured by Indian horse-owners as a pulse which keeps the animals fed on it in excellent condition.

THE WINDSOR SHOW.—Preparations are going on with great rapidity. The Prince and Princess of Wales have given a conditional promise to be present on the Monday, and Her Majesty on the Thursday, of the Show week. Ordinary entries have closed, the Thursday, of the Show week. Ordinary entries have closed, but special entries, which involve an extra fee but no other trouble to exhibitors, can be made up to and including Monday, May 6th. The exhibitors, can be made up to and including Monday, May 6th. The stillage Society will exhibit selected samples at the Cattle-Food Ensilage Society will exhibit selected samples at on competition, but the members of the Society and others by invitation will send their best samples in order that the ensilage process in its results may be well represented before the general public. A detailed report on the Show will be made, with practical suggestions and a general account of ensilage and its making, and this report will be published in the transactions of the Society, and duly supplied to its members. to its members.

BREAD is a halfpenny the quartern loaf dearer now than it was a twelvementh ago, yet the average price of wheat is for the United Kingdom 1s., and for London 2s., per quarter lower than it was at the end of April, 1888. The reason for the apparent divergency is,

however, to be found otherwhere than in the increased profits of bakers or millers. The latter, at least, are said to be doing not so well as a year ago. The truth seems to be that English wheat of the 1888 crop is so damp and inferior that foreign flour has to be mixed with English to a very unusual extent. Now American flour mixed with English to a very unusual extent. Now American flour is scarce, and makes 5s. per sack more money than in 1888. Hungarian flour is always dear, and owing to a short crop in Australia the flour from that country is held for 2s. over last year's terms. The small stocks of flour made from 1887 wheat are held for from 5s. to 8s. per sack above the price of the same quality last May. Thus the bread which is made from a mixture of cheaper English and dearer foreign flour may well be a trifle higher in price than it was a twelvemonth since.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Rural outrages are not confined to Ireland, Within the past fortnight four separate attempts have been made to fire Waltham Abbey Old Mill. The villains are still, we are sorry to say, undetected.—Sir John Lawes has now completed the legal arrangements whereby Rothamsted, together with a very large sum of money, will be devoted to the endowment of agricultural research.—Entries for the English Horse Society's Show at Oldenstein MISCELLANEOUS. -Rural outrages are not confined to Ireland. of money, will be devoted to the endowment of agricultural research.—Entries for the English Horse Society's Show at Olympia have now closed, and an exceptionally good display is anticipated. The judges of the various classes will be Lord Coventry, Lord Combermere, Captain Fife, the Duke of Portland, Lord Arthur Somerset, and Captain Whitmore. The Show opens on May 15th.—A well-known Scottish agriculturist writes, warning his comstativity of the three cereals wheat barley and cost the large treats the cost of the three cereals wheat barley and cost the large treats the cost of the three cereals wheat barley and cost the large treats the cost of the cost of the cost of the large treats the cost of the cost of the cost of the large treats the cost of patriots that, of the three cereals, wheat, barley, and oats, the last brings the smallest returns per acre in money. He therefore advises the growth of barley where the climate is not too moist.— The sale of cattle by live weight formed the subject of a lucid paper read by Mr. Westley Richards to the Farmers' Club on Monday

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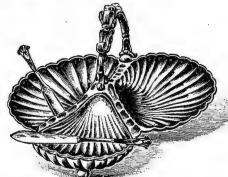
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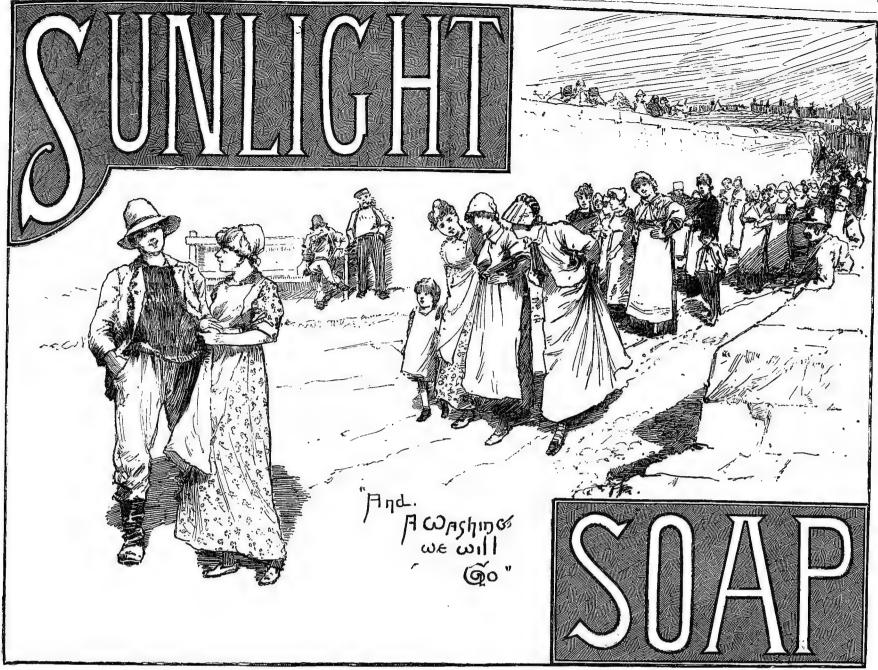
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ALVANISM v. MUSCULAR
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Builth Wells, Wales, April 7, 1884
Gentlemen.—You will be pota et al. 1984 at the your apparates have writed womers being min my general fleath. I am as a ring is a lorse, and an constantly being to a nucleiby my frends of my improved appearance in the milest and musce.—Yours hadming.

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ALVANISM v. NERVOUS
FIGOSTRATION.
Systom, hear Ledester, April 3, 1887
Gentlemen.—I mank your for your kind in quiry as on my health, and I am per sed to be, you that, under the bressing of God, your bear longer that become in this been of great victae frome, for Lan now able to attend to my business again, which was amost impossible beone I to guil to use your Gravanie Bands.—I come multility.

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Quarry Caine, Witts, March 29th, 1889
Dear 3at,—Son e years ago my flustoan I parchased one of your Gaivance Belts for crient, eitheumatism, which quite cured in, my the ecos was a most severe one of thirty years standing, and my husband was almost a cripple, and coda? in thirt his hands to his head. Be one he given Belt he could not rest day to might, but 100 he is quite cured, and is never to ublee with the rheumatism in the least—Yours very thirty.

(Mrs.) S. Weston.

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ALVANISM v. NERVOUS EXBAUSTION

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GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY and MENTAL DEPRESSION.
54. Notion Street, Grandham, March 26, 1853
Dear Str.,—You will remember that I had one retivous debhity and mental depression. I am very thankful to say that I have received so much benefit from it that I am now in my oldmary state of health, and shall discontinue wearing the appliance on nearing from your Louis very trans.

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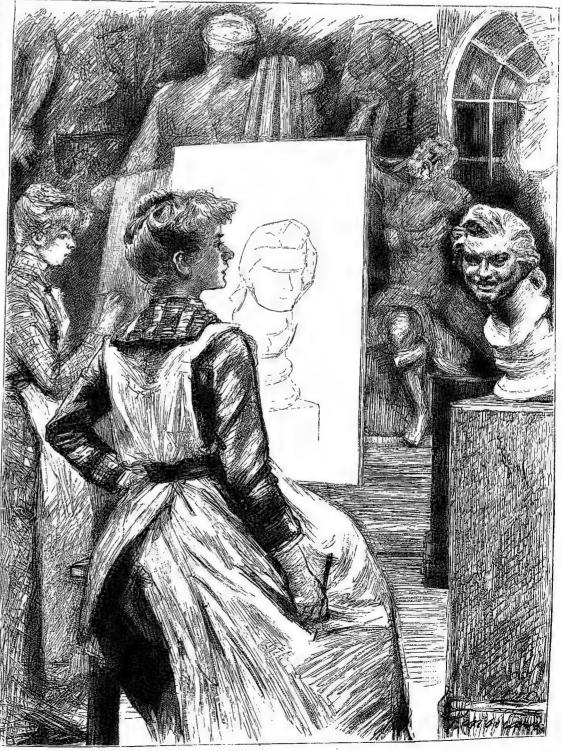
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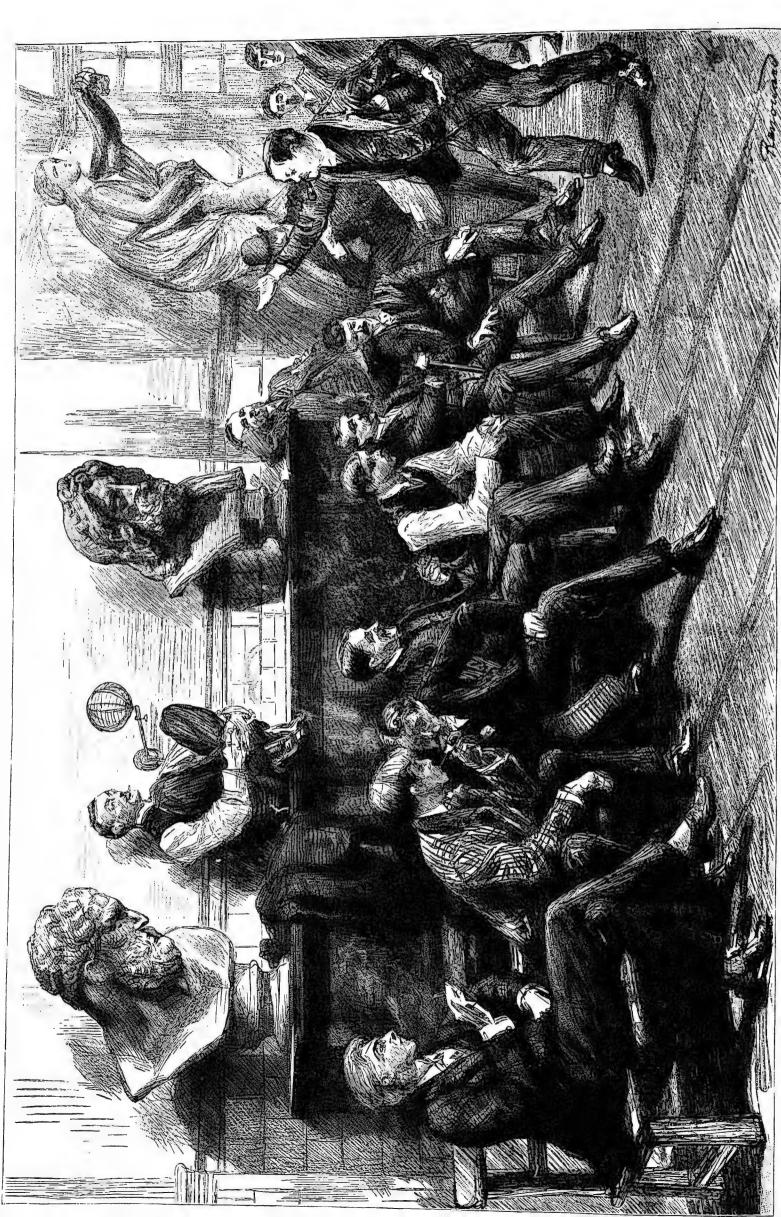
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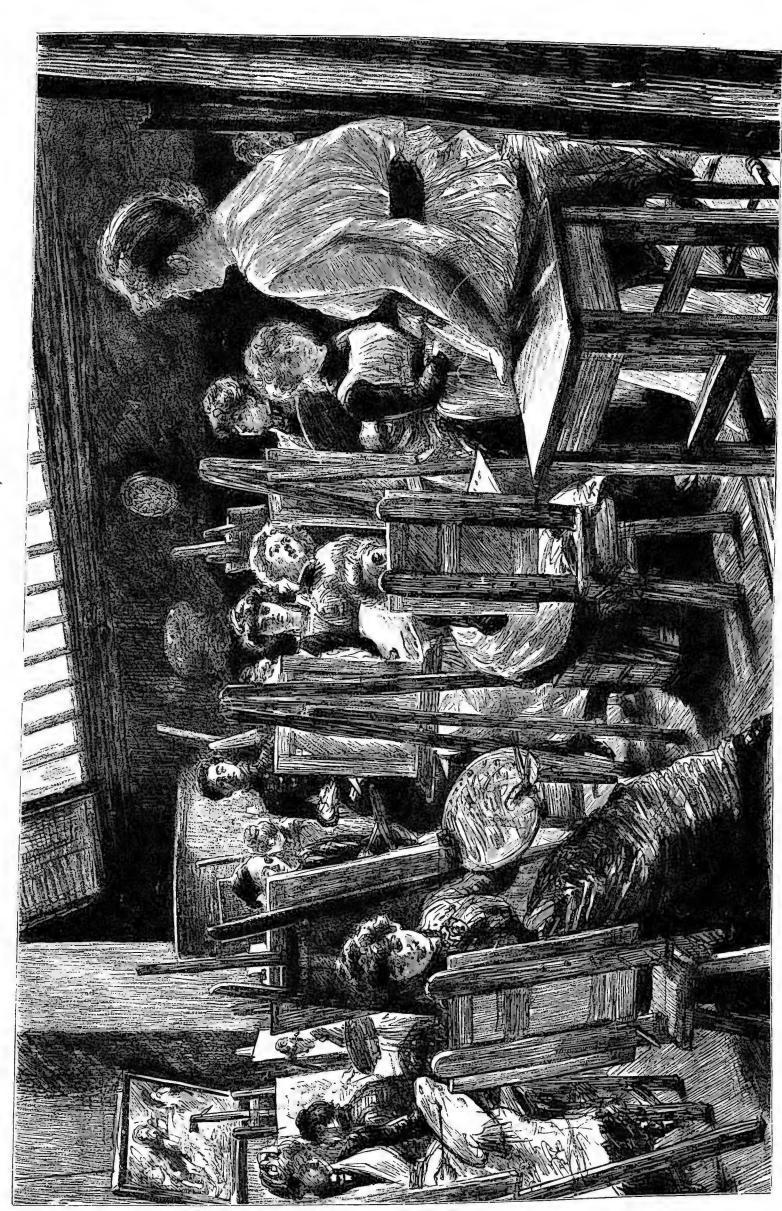


THOSE STUDENTS who are born with powers to make them cominent," said Leslie—he who printed "Sancho Panza," "The Marriage of the Queen," and a score of other famous and popular canvaces—"do not want instruction; and those who do are not worth it. Art may be kard, but can't be tanght." This truism should be borne in mind by those who are ever ready to bring it as a charge against the Academy that that institution fails to bring forth a given number of geniases per annum. They forget that a knowledge of the grammar and rhyming dictionary does not suffice to make a poot, and that all the universities in Christendom cannot evolve a scholar out of unsuitable materials. The Academy can make at painter, a scholar out of unsuitable materials. The Academy can make at painter, a scholar out of unsuitable materials. The Academy can make at painter, a scholar out of unsuitable materials. The Academy can make at painter, a scholar out of unsuitable materials. The Academy can make at painter, a scholar out of the painter of the character of what we nowadays call "sketching-clubs" than scholar there of the character of what we nowadays call "sketching-clubs" than scholar there of the character of what we nowadays call "sketching-clubs" than scholar there of the character of what we nowadays call "sketching-clubs" than scholar there of the character of what we nowadays call "sketching-clubs" than scholar there of the character of what we nowadays call "sketching-clubs" than scholar there of the character of the scholar of the s



ON THE LOWER RUNG OF THE LADDER-THE "ANTIQUE"





IN THE UPPER PAINTING SCHOOL-THE LADIES' CLASS

weighty matters in the little world that pursues so evenly and vigorously its useful way beneath the northern exhibition-rooms. The first is the question of "women's rights" which are fast becoming "men's wrongs," if half what one hears is to be believed. How the ladies claim the rights of both sexes, how they insist on their own privileges, and throw themselves on the chivalry of the men to obtain theirs, taking possession of the best seats, contrary to all recognised custom, while all the time they "never had a chance"—and above all never failing to give the men clearly to understand that they consider them a sellish, an ineligible lot: such are some of the charges constantly brought against them. I confess I tremble as I record them, but gallantry must yield to truth.

The culminating point in the interest and excitement of the

as I record them, but gallantry must yield to truth.

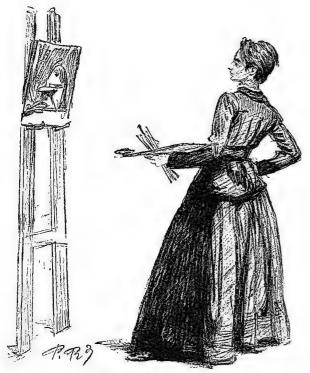
The culminating point in the interest and excitement of the student's working year is, of course, the 10th of December—the Academy's birthday—when the annual distribution of prizes takes place. Then the Great Room, Gallery III., becomes the meeting-place, and along the length of it, on a raised daïs, the members assemble—the Academicians in front and the Associates behind—in support of the President. The students and their relatives, together with a great, chattering crowd of persons otherwise interested in the world of art, occupy the benches in front, and join in welcoming the President with salvoes of noisy applause. A short speech on the work of the year then follows, and Sir Frederick Leighton—whose popularity with the students is phenomenal, as is proved by the uproarious cheering with which they greet his rising—immediately proceeds to distribute the awards.

If it happen to be "Gold-Medal Year," which occurs biennial the excitement and enthusiasm are intense, for the travelled studentships—prizes to the value of over a thousand pounds—the negold and score of silver medals, crown the efforts of the past of years; and the generosity with which the discomfited competitor receive the triumph of their rivals is certainly not the least pleasure of this red-letter evening. On the alternate years of five hundred pounds or thereabouts are distributed, together with twenty-three silver medals; but the enthusiasm is not a white genuine, and the vociferous cheering not a crack less hoarse. The in "Gold-Medal Year," when the excitement attending the privativing has abated, the President rises to deliver one of the grudite and polished discourses upon art, whose cloquent period appear—like Ministers' utterances on the public platforms—to addressed to "the country" rather than to the listeners before he. After it is finished, the heroes and heroines of the evening dispersions with defeated genius; and all arm themselves with the courage to achieve fresh successes or to avenge the past.

courage to achieve fresh successes or to average the past.

Such are the Royal Academy Schools of to-day, which I I tried, in a manner all too brief, to aid M. Renouard in picturia, the reader. That their career of usefulness will develope the but little doubt, seeing that a reform committee is now sitting to sider the propriety of introducing a number of improvements provements of detail as well as of organisation; so that we may be forward with hope and confidence to obtaining the very best region that the Academic system may yield.

M. H. S.



AN EARNEST STUDENT

the morning classes, and half that amount for the evening classes. Sculptors are also paid at the lower rate, the term in all cases being but one month. This monthly change of instruction many hold to form one of the weaknesses of the Academic system; but it must be conceded that it has at least the merit of preventing anything like mannerism in the pupil. Fuseli saw this during his brilliant keepership, and treated his pupils with "wise neglect"; but he certainly paid particular attention to his "little dog boy," as he used to call young Edwin Landseer, in spite of his principles.

boy," as he used to call young Edwin Landseer, in spite of ms principles.

On the Visitor and the Keeper rests the duty of obtaining suitable models, but the "setting," or posing of them, is the exclusive duty of the former. It is he who places the model in an attitude calculated to display muscular action or symmetry of form. Constable once brought down shouts of derisive laughter, by arranging his female subject among a number of boughs, procured from Covent Garden Market, and decorated with oranges and lemons—the whole being supposed to represent "Eve in the Bower;" but such high flights are not often attempted. According as the students arrive they take their seats unless they arrange for them by lot, and the places thus occupied are considered theirs by right until the end of the period during which the model is sitting. The more popular of the Visitors always find a crowded class-room awaiting them; the students hang on their words, and try, during the "short rests," at the end of each hour, to "draw them out." To listen to the little unconventional lecture often thus obtained, the group of eager students gather around, proving by their attention and other signs the respect, sometimes indeed the affection, in which the Visitor is held.

Besides the Visitors, the Keeper and the Curators, there are the

Besides the Visitors, the Keeper, and the Curators, there are the Professors and Lecturers among the officers of the Academy. The lectures are delivered in the large square room devoted during exhibition time to the display of sculpture, and include courses on painting, chemistry, sculpture, architecture, anatomy, and anatomical demonstrations; but to the last-named ladies have latterly not been admitted, so many of them evincing a marked disinclination to contemplate dissected limbs with the requisite calmness of spirit. With this exception, it is compulsory on all students to attend the

aunitted, so many of them evincing a marked disincination to contemplate dissected limbs with the requisite calmness of spirit. With this exception, it is compulsory on all students to attend the complete course during the first three years of studentship.

When the Academy was young, the student was admitted for ten years, with a life-studentship, if within that time he carried off a scholarship. But the terms were too generous, and bred bad results; indeed, once, in 1845, the President had to rate the pupils soundly in public at the distribution of prizes for their poor performance. So the ten years' term was reduced to seven, and then, by Sir Frederick Leighton's wise initiative, the "life-stretcher" was abolished altogether, and a six years' term, divided into two periods of three years each, was substituted. Between these two terms a pretty stiff examination—a veritable fons asinorum—must be passed, or the student has to go. The "Landscer Scholarship," of the value of forty pounds, which is awarded half-yearly to the student who shows the greatest merit in these examinations, was established to stimulate his exertions.

The lights and shades, the humours and vagaries of student was a market of the academy was a stablished to stimulate this exertions.

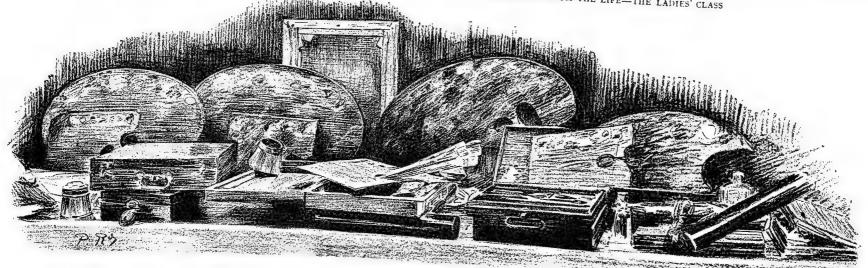
late his exertions.

The lights and shades, the humours and vagaries of student life within the walls of the Academy must pass unrecorded here through lack of space; but that they exist in plenty—born in tradition, encouraged by the comparative freedom of the student, modified by his individual temperament, but modified too, and softened, unquestionably, by the presence of ladies—will not be doubted by any to whom the genus student, his nature, aims, and characteristics, are familiar.

Certain questions, however, cannot be omitted, for they are



MODELLING FROM THE LIFE—THE LADIES' CLASS



MFASHIONS W

THERE is something very fascinating in the idea of the month of May, and yet it is one of the most treacherous of the twelve months. Bright sunshine, fragrant flowers, and emerald turf are there, and we feel greatly tempted to throw aside all winter wraps, Lut, like we feel greatly tempted to throw aside all winter wraps, Lut, like the serpent in Eden, the east wind comes silently gliding amongst us, and treacherously attacks both young and old. Furs may with safety be consigned to camphor-strewn receptacles, to be taken out at frequent intervals and exposed to the air. By the way, our readers will do well to bear in mind that camphor evaporates very quickly, and should be renewed two or three times in the course of

On dit that this is to be a silk season later on, but for the next few weeks woollen materials, which are made in such a variety of soft colourings and fabrics, will be worn for day costumes. ing is so prevalent just now, not only at Court but in the home circle, that a black or grey costume is almost necessary in our wardrobe. A very stylish and becoming material is cachemire Royale, a mixture of silk and wool with a silken back; it drapes

Royale, a mixture of silk and wool with a silken back; it drapes well, and does not crush easily. Nun's veiling in black and grey, as well as in Art colours, will be much worn this spring.

One of our leading houses for mourning attire has introduced some very striking mixtures in black and white, the success of which depends upon their skilful handling, as they may very easily be burlesqued. Half the corsage, from the right shoulder to the left side, is black, whilst the corresponding side is white. As yet these mixtures are only used for evening costumes made in silk; a butterfly bow of black moiré ribbon is perched on the white shoulder, and of white on the black shoulder; the demi-train silk skirt is black opening over white, with a diagonal trimming of white and black opening over white, with a diagonal trimming of white and black ribbon, the former fringed with white crystal, the latter with jet; the effect is quite unique.

jet; the effect is quite unique.

A very elegant half-mourning costume was recently made of white satin and black lace. It was a Princess shape; the bodice, square in the front, and the tablier were of satin draped in black silk net, with large spots, and a rich black-lace flounce; across the bodice were two lace scarves, terminating in a bow with very long ends. The train and back of the bodice were of very rich black with white silk and bordered with white fox-fur; on the ends. The train and back of the bodice were of very rich black silk, lined with white silk and bordered with white fox-fur; on the shoulders were epaulettes of embroidery, stiffened so that they stood up high. This was one of the most original dresses of the season. From a trousseau, sent from Paris, we have selected a few very effective costumes—a reception dress of embroidered blue gauze, trimmed with chenille fringe, into which were introduced gold balls, the skirt was of soft silk with two rows of fringe above the hom.

effective costumes—a reception dress of embroidered blue gauze, trimmed with chenille fringe, into which were introduced gold balls, the skirt was of soft silk with two rows of fringe above the hem and a drapery of gauze in full puffs at the back; the corsage was made with a basque at the sides and back, in the front a long point, below which was a sash of embroidered gauze with long ends trimmed with fringe. A ball dress was of peau de soie and heliotrope plush; the skirt slightly trained, on the left side was a drapery of Venetian lace fastened with two large bows; on the right side the robe opened to show a lace flounce; the front breadth was of flowered silk with deep lace flounce, a wide ribbon sash crossed the front of the skirt and was fastened at the hem with a bow. The bodice was V-shape; a lace fichu was gracefully arranged; the sleeves were demi-long, on the left shoulder and on the sleeves were ribbon bows. A very handsome dinner dress was of sea-green brocaded silk, trimmed with point d'Alençon and chenille. The robe was arranged at the back in very large pleats, made quite plain. On the brocaded tablier were two pleatings and a flat scalloped flounce; a very rich gimp trimming was arranged as a pannel on the left side of the tablier; on the right side was a long ribbon sash falling straight from the waist of the corsage. The low bodice was draped with lace, which formed a fan at the back and front, chenille ornaments on the shoulders. A tea-gown was made of parchment-coloured poplin, with a deep bordering of Indian shawl embroidery; a second was of pale grey cashmere embroidered in silver thread and white filoselle; a third was of salmon-pink Surah, Princess shape, opening over a winter sky-blue satin petticoat, on which was a raised pattern of pomegranates in pink velvet outlined with seed pearls; it was made with loose front and a girdle of pink and blue coral with heavy tassels.

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and a girdle of pink and blue coral with heavy tassels.

The spring mantles are, for the most part, made of velvet or corded silk, but the foundation is scarcely to be seen for the rich trimmings in lace, gimp, and embroidery; young people still keep to the jaunty little jackets and covert coats in thin cloth and light colours, or black; lace boas are very much worn. Two very straish French mantles were made, the one of the new shot brocaded silk trimmed with jet embroidery and real tambour lace; the other was of black corded silk, trimmed with jetted gimp and Chantilly lace. A very pretty mantelet, for a warm day, is made of coarse black silk net with stranded fringe in jet beads graduated, which has a novel effect. Lace mantelets and visites will be much worn this season.

The oyster-shell bonnets have proved to be so unbecoming to nost faces that they are quite put side. There never was a greater variety in the shapes of both bonnets and hats, but medium height and size are most general. For dress occasions bonnets are made without crowns, but these can only be worn where the hair is without crowns, but these can only be worn where the hair is abundant and appropriately dressed, then they are very dainty. We have seen some very dainty headgear made of crépe or net, which appeared to be blown together, their only trimming a large Alsatian bow or a delicate spray of flowers; they are in black, white, buttercup, pale green of many tints and shades, pink, and blue; sometimes a handkerchief of gold lace is mounted on an invisible tramework, and trimmed with a gold aigrette; at others a wreath of spring flowers and a bow of ribbon or velvet does duty for a bonnet. The fancy straws for the season are very light and pleasing. Crinoline straws in green or maize-colour are much worn. One shape known as the coif is much affected by young people of quiet shape known as the coif is much affected by young people of quiet taste; it fits close to the head, and is made of soft silk, trimmed very nearly with velvet, or sparingly touched up with gold cord. Black lace bonnets are almost covered with green leaves moderately raised in the front. Three truly Parisian bonnets were: a capôte of absinthe crépe mounted on a stiff shape; on the front was a raised design in jet, with rosettes of black velvet ribbon, lined with white silk: velvet strings. The second was composed of black. silk; velvet strings. The second was composed of black Chantilly lace frills; on the front were three roses—pink, red, and cream; black velvet strings. The third was a black lace toque, with bouquets of Parma violets and moss.

There is not much change in the shape of hats, excepting that they are not so high as they have been of late. There is an satisfy are not so high as they have been of fact. There is an attempt to introduce the three-cornered hats again, but they are only suitable for bridesmaids or fancy bazaar stall-holders, as they are much too attractive for walking in the streets. The shady brims will, no doubt, continue to be worn for the morning promenade, the shady brims will be attracted with board of forward the streets. lined with velvet or thick silk, and trimmed with bows or flowers.

There is a decided modification in dressing of the hair, which is no longer piled on the top of the head. The catogan has again from to the fore, and is becoming to long necks, but should be evoided by short, thick-throated people. Heavy fringes, nearly outhing the eyebrows, are quite gone out, but a light wavy or

curled fringe is still worn, as few faces can bear the hair brushed off the forehead. The Grecian bands of steel, jet, or ribbon are very becoming when the features are regular. Most coquettish and taking little aigrettes and tufts of natural flowers are now adopted, together with fanciful pins of jewels, more especially diamonds, mounted in sprays flexible as possible. Only quite young girls in their teens wear their hair unadorned. their teens wear their hair unadorned.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES

FOR some years past Mr. C. Langdon Davies has been experimenting with an instrument of his invention which indicates a totally new method of telegraphic communication, founded upon the discovery and recognition of a species of electrical force which hitherto had been regarded as inimical rather than beneficial. It is well known that a wire through which an electrical current is passing will induce in an adjacent wire another current, and this phenomenon has always been known as induction. So sensitive is the telephone to the feeblest manifestations of electrical energy, that these induced currents from neighbouring wires conveying ordinary telegraphic messages have always proved a great hindrance in telephonic communication, and most of us are able to recognise the crackling disturbance in the telephone as induction noises. It was while Mr. Davies was investigating this subject, with a view to find some means of obviating the difficulties caused by induction, that he was led to realise that the phenomena possibly indicated a new method of electrical communication, and that what is known as the induced current might be made to traverse insulated conducting wires which would be impassable by an ordinary battery current. As an outcome of this conception, an instrument called the phonopore was produced—so called because its working is closely associated with ordinary sound-vibrations, such as are produced by a tuning-fork or organ-reed. This instrument has recently been so improved in many details of its construction that it is now presented as a finished apparatus, which is capable of vastly adding to the capabilities of any ordinary telegraphic circuit; that is to say, while messages are passing by means of the ordinary telegraphic instruments through such a line-wire, phonoporic messages can at the same time be transmitted and received by means of that wire, without any confusion or detriment to either set of signals. The transmitting instrument has the appearance of an ordinary Morse key, which, being associate end with the line-wire. This arrangement, indeed, constitutes the phonopore. At the receiving end is another vibrating reed, which synchronises with that at the transmitting end, and which is placed in front of an electro-magnet. It must be observed that there is no conducting circuit through the phonoporic instruments, the secondary wires being insulated from the primary coil. The phonopore, therefore, presents a means of doubling the efficiency of any existing telegraphic system, without any alteration of existing arrangements. end with the line-wire. This arrangement, indeed, constitutes the It presents one of the most important improvements which have ever been introduced, and its commercial importance can hardly be over-estimated.

over-estimated.

Although America can now boast of a number of electrical railway and tramway systems, we in England have not as yet availed ourselves of that method of locomotion except to a very limited degree. At the close of last year there were in the United States upwards of one hundred such systems, one half of which were in action, and the rest in course of construction. We may assume, therefore, that electrical traction represents no longer an experimental thing, but that it is both practicable and profitable under favourable conditions. Three methods of electric traction are before the public. In one of these the vehicle carries its own power in the the public. In one of these the vehicle carries its own power in the shape of accumulators, or secondary batteries, which must be charged at certain intervals by a dynamo machine, which batteries furnish at certain intervals by a dynamo machine, which batteries furnish energy to a motor geared to the wheels. In the second system the current is delivered to the carriage from a stationary dynamo, through the medium of parallel conductors, which may be, and often are, the metal rails upon which the vehicle runs. In the third system the dynamo is also stationary, but its current is delivered to the car, or cars, by a conducting cable, and by means of a mechanical circuit breaker. To this last method the term "Series system" is applied, because, when there are several cars on the railroad, the current traverses them all in succession. A tramway on this system was recently opened at Northfleet, the length of the line being nearly one mile, and having more than one pretty steep gradient: Each car holds about twenty-four passengers, and, while it runs at a good speed through the streets, it is under the most gradient: Each car holds about twenty-four passengers, and, while it runs at a good speed through the streets, it is under the most perfect control of the driver, who, by means of a single lever, can make it go ahead, stop, or turn astern—to use a nautical expression—with the greatest readiness. The conducting cable is in a conduit beneath the road, and therefore quite out of the reach of mischievous or inquisitive experimenters. At intervals of a few feet, it is conor inquisitive experimenters. At intervals of a few feet it is connected with switches, or spring-jacks, as they are called, against which a conducting-bar, or arrow, fastened to the travelling car, and carried through a slot in the rail to the underground conduit in which these spring-jacks lie, presses and conducts the current to the which these spring-jacks lie, presses and conducts the current to the dynamo which is carried by the car, and transmits motion to its wheels. At the depôt, or station, is a powerful steam-engine working a dynamo, which provides the initial current. This dynamo is provided with an ingenious regulator, by which the current supplied is always proportioned to the work to be performed. When a car tops, for instance, the dynamo is immediately made to give less current, the steam-engine acting automatically with it. This is the first installation of an electric railway on the series system in

current, the steam-engine acting automatically with it. This is the first installation of an electric railway on the series system in Europe, and to all appearance it would seem to be the pioneer of many others. The work has been carried out by the Series Electrical Traction Syndicate, of 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Mr. Valentine Blanchard, whose name has long been known in connection with photographic matters, has recently introduced a new method of photographic printing, which bids fair to meet with wide adoption. In this process he uses a specially prepared matter surface paper, which has been sensitised in the usual manner with a salt of silver, and which gives after exposure to light under a negasalt of silver, and which gives after exposure to light under a negative the familiar red image. It is in the toning of this image to a more satisfactory colour that a new feature appears. Instead of using a salt of gold for this purpose, which has been the custom for the past fifty years, he treats the picture with a salt of platinum, and thereby confers upon it a permanence which, we all know by sad experience, few of the pictures of old possessed. The tone given by this treatment is a dense engraving black, and is quite free from that green hue which is so commonly seen in other modern

from that green hue which is so commonly seen in other modern methods of printing photographs.

One of the most important papers read before the recent meeting of the Intitution of Naval Architects was that by Professor Lewes, who took for his subject "The Protection of Steel and Iron Vessels by Protective Coatings." This is a most useful contribution to Naval science at this time, when there is a tendency to build new ships, rather than to take care of those already built; and when, moreover, there are disquieting rumours that ships which are only a year or two old are being eaten up with rust. Professor Lewes disapproves altogether of metallic coatings, and, after examining the value of various compositions, maintains that tar and tar products, and waxes, are among the most efficient substances, if applied hot, and waxes, are among the most efficient substances, if applied hot, and if free from contamination by certain acids and salts of

ammonia. Such compositions he would recommend for interior work. For the outside he recommends bituminous compositions, and is careful to give a note of warning against copper-coating compounds, which are liable to set up galvanic action.

T. C. H.

## A NIGHT IN THE OPIUM DENS

A NIGHT IN THE OPIUM DENS

EVEN those who have assiduously "slummed" in the East End would for the most part be extremely puzzled to answer if asked where lay the Chinese Quarter of our great city. But it has one, which is as distinctive as the Jewish colonies between Whitechapel and Stepney, the organ-grinders at Saffron Hill, the artists of St. Juhn's Wood, the laundresses of Latimer Road, or the students' Quartier Latin round Russell Square. It is to be found in a little street that runs off the West India Dock Road, and when this is entered we are transported from London to China Town, and instead of being jostled by an ordinary Cockney crowd, we rub shoulders with a motley throng from the Flowery Land. The majority are sailors, or connected with the shipping traffic. They wear their loose, baggy trousers, but over their upper garments are often worn common great-coats, jerseys, shawls even, and gorgeous mufflers.

mufflers.

Over the shop doors of this strange street the names appear in the orthography of the Celestial Empire. Ah Wang instead of calling attention in the vernacular to his "unprecedented" or "marvellous" black teas at 15. 5d. a pound, does so in the characters that read in the reverse fashion, and appear so hopelessly illegible. But his shop is really the least part of his business. True it contains the heterogeneous variety popularly associated with the village shop, from bloaters to cheap jewellery, from cheese to gaily-coloured prints, from slippers to pork pies, rice,

business. True it contains the heterogeneous variety popularly associated with the village shop, from bloaters to cheap jewellery, from cheese to gaily-coloured prints, from slippers to pork pies, rice, tea, preserved ginger, coats, and books. There is a door at the end which in an ordinary shop would lead into that peculiar room known as the "back parlour." Here it leads into a squalid, dirty chamber over which hovers the sickly, fetid smell of stale opium.

Pass in. No one will hinder you, unless you look like a member of the police force or a journalist taking sensation notes. It is stiffingly hot and oppressively close. When the first inclination to cough and turn back has passed off you will find that a chair is offered you, for Chinese politeness forbids that you should sit down till you are told to, and the first duty of a well-mannered Chinese host is to give you something upon which to sit. Then he will probably give you such a cup of tea as you will taste nowhere else in London. In a very small cup, you will have presented to you a liquor suggestive in colour of the palest sherry, and devoid of such extraneous adjuncts as milk and sugar. Possibly the first impressions regarding it will be "what weak, washy-looking stuff." But taste it! An indescribable scent of fresh cowslips, a delicate flavour of orange-blossoms, and the realisation that blacklead and other "colouring materials" do not add to the refinement of English tea! I met a Celestial gentleman in one of these dens, clad in the ultimate perfection of East End tailoring, and wearing an extravagant quantity of jewellery, which, however, was "real," in the sense of being genuine gold and precious stones, though the taste of its arrangement was open to criticism, and he told me first of his strange vocation in life, which was to go round to the provincial agents of a large cheap tea house, and, in his native costume, to expatiate upon the beauties and unadulteration of Smith, Brown, and Snook's articles in packets. "But," he added, "here in Englan

their Chinese customers know what good tea is, and so get it brought over by friendly hands and unpainted.

As you sip your tea, you may look round and take stock of the queer surroundings in which you find yourself. The furniture consists of nothing but old-fashioned wooden or iron truckle bedsteads, upon which are loathsome mattresses and pillows. Some of them have also a dirty rug or blanket, and upon these uninviting couches lie Chinamen in every stage of the intoxication wrought of the baleful drug. It requires a little dexterity to smoke it well. The opium is purchased in a state more nearly resembling thick, coarse treacle than anything else, and a small quantity of this is placed upon a knob of wood, with a hole through it, upon a pipe. It is then held inverted over the flame of a grimy lamp, and long breaths are slowly taken. A sense of costatic enjoyment gradually creeps over the coarse sensual features; another and another pipe is inhaled, and the smoker presently lays down his implements to see visions of his darling enjoyments, and to plunge into a land of visions of his darling enjoyments, and to plunge into a land of something more than dreams. Over two men in one of these dirty holes, deadly drunk with the opium they had taken, the calm, grave, pure features of Charles Gordon gazed down in, it seemed to me, wondering irony. In one or two of the "dens" the accommodation is arranged like the berths of a ship, and some foul curtains are hung round them. The risk of fire is great here, for if one of the lamps was to be upset in the smoke-dried inclosure, a horrible death would be inevitable.

I saw no Englishman in any of the houses I visited; but with sadness and sorrow I write that I noticed four Englishwomen there. One of these women was young, and decidedly pleasing in appearance, despite a wandering, nervous look in her eyes, and the dry yellow appearance of her skin, which told of her passion for the She was the wife of the Chinese keeper of the "den," and, at first, she had a horror of touching it. But she was bullied and cajoled into trying it, and, of course, fell a victim to it at once. She realised the irreparable physical and moral harm she was doing herself, and, with a prost compared the fortified went away into the country. with a most commendable fortitude, went away into the country where she could not possibly get any. For three weeks she endured all the intensity of suffering that a sudden abstinence from it produces. Then, after the numb stage of indifference came that of distaste, and, believing herself fully cured, she returned. With infinite pathos she told how it was like sending a reformed drunkard into a public-house, and how the mad desire for it again seized her. She says she is trying, by lessened doses, to cure herself, but one cannot help feeling that her position, surrounded with it, must make it a frightfully difficult task.

There are not less than seven onlym-dens in this one little street.

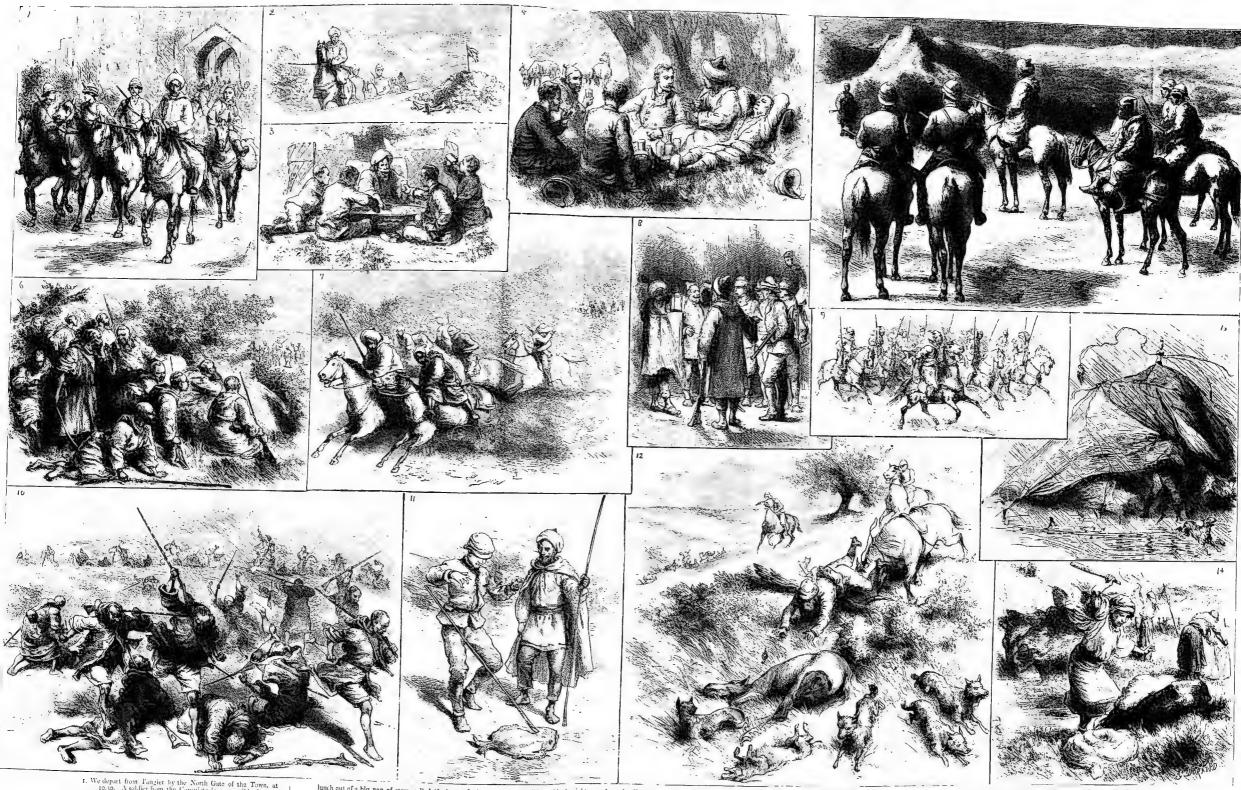
There are not less than seven opium-dens in this one little street At a very short distance from it stands an eighth, and a ninth also near is kept by an Italian woman, herself an inveterate smoker, but is more exclusively patronised by Lascars. Gambling is also largely carried on in these houses, and I saw some exciting games, somewhat resembling dominoes, going on. The players were seated upon large, breast-high tables, covered with rush mats,

and small copper Chinese money was circulating very freely. In one instance the excitement had reached an acute stage, and oaths and execrations were freely bandied.

Since Dickens visited the largest of these houses, situate in Ratcliffe Highway, an idea has arisen that there was only one in London. The place he described in "Edwin Drood" was kept by an old man called Lohnson who claims that the Prince of Wales has old man called Johnson, who claims that the Prince of Wales has been within his walls, but it has very recently been removed to make way for railway extension.

#### A SARDE MONASTERY

THE city of Oristano is one of the largest in Sardinia. It is in a district half girdled by stagni, or shallow ponds, which in great measure dry in summer; and the longest river of the island, the Tirso, carries its muddy waters past it towards the sea. Here one



- 1. We depart from Fangier by the North Gate of the Town, at 10.30. A soldier from the Consulate is responsible for our selection of the Consulate is responsible for our selection of the Fettin Road nothing is to be seen but similard rock, but Later on two carross the grave of a murderel Moor, with a red flug on the opp of it. Our soldier great down, adds another some to the grave, and mutters a short prayer over it, and a cure feel his numderes.

  2. We pay the Lebra wish in his orange grove, and he invites us to

- lunch out of a big pan of stew, called Keeksu. It is com-pared of mutton, keef, towls, eggs, snipe, goat, rabbits, hare, partridge, rice, bailey, flour, and in fact everything excepting park, together with seven or eight different spirces.

  We come to some nice shady trees, when we all propose to rest and take dinner, to which we do justice. Our guide then legans or explain to us the dangers of travelling the Tetuan Road by night. "What danger?" say 1. "Robbers and wild degs," was his answer
- 5. The guide is right; we have hardly got on to the open plain befare there stands in our path a man with a long gun and in a threatening attitude.

  6. An I behind the rocks are his companions—rascals who are anxious t know whether the odds are against us or not.

  7. Which they find not but too soon. We give them a Roland for an Oliver, any way, and dash on at full speed, until we put a few miles between us. Plenty of excitement in this kind of thing as long as you are not hit—more than we wanted, though
- S. Our soldier explains to the Licutenant of the city how we were attacked by robbers
  9. A party of troopers is sent in in pursuit of them
  10. They come up with the robbers and annithilate them to a man
  11. By the wayside was one of those fish which are considered by the natives to have the properties of an electric hattery. I touched it with a cane, and, as the soldier said, a numbress ran all over my body, and held me fixed for a minute. Then the fi-h moved, the cane fell, and I recovered myself
- 12. Hunting the wild dogs off the sandnill my friend's horse stumbles over some bushes, and he is thrown on to a dear animal, off which the will dogs have just been making a meal 13. The condition in which we found ourselves when the Levant, or east wind, blew. We went this ugh this startling experience twice, so we thought we would be lee the westman who built his house tipon a rose. The next right we pitched out tens inland 14. Moorish country woman washing linen by the well- in the mountains.

sees the classic *mastruca* in full play, as in the time of Cato. The natives use it partly as a safeguard against the chills which precede the fever; and, to the uninitiated, it looks very odd to see men clad in a sheepskin jacket with the wool on (for such is the

mastruca) under the scorehing heat of a July sun.
Sunrise and sundown are the times when the timorous take their precautions. At these seasons they stay within doors. At other times, also, they are very particular. They diet themselves with rigour, and forbear to wash. "Stay in, and drink plenty of wine!" was the advice I heard given to a fever-patient one day, and it is currently followed. The man who nightly goes drunk to bed defies the malaria. He fancies that his blood is thus kept in a condition which will not allow of the intrusion of anything so base as a fever cerm.

Later experience of Oristano, in spite of its reputation, gave it a place in my affections. The streets teem with old time-worn churches, conventual buildings, and domestic houses with heavy mullioned windows. I sat for an hour one day in a damp, rotting place of worship adjoining a decayed convent of Dominican nuns. The nuns were aloft, behind a screen in the west end of the church, place of worship adjoining a decayed convent of Dominican nuns. The nuns were aloft, behind a screen in the west end of the church, droning through a service all to themselves. It was the most melancholy of music. In spite of their profession, there was not the tenth part of a spark of enthusiasm in all their voices put together; and when it behoved them to render a chorus of "Hallelujahs," the satire of their depressed dulness gave one the heartache. The church itself was infinitely crude. Never have I seen such impudent daubs as here passed for altar-pieces. As a boy of six, with no taste for Art, I would have supplied the edifice with better ones. The worm-eaten wooden rafters of the building were provided with gross impossible corbels which, I am sure, have often taken weird significance in the minds of the nuns in their gallery. There was, in short, but one touch of human interest in the place. A little cruse of water was set on the public side of a grating between the nave of the church and the convent wall. In formal acknowledgment of the beneficent purpose of the convent itself, I drank of this water; but it sadly needed filtering.

At another time, however, I was ill-received by the like devotees of the Church in Oristano. I had wandered in the heat outside the town, under the old walls, which still soar in fragments above the mud-built houses of the modern suburbs. A low, venerable establishment stood hard by, with some refreshing turf land and trees between it and the white dusty road. At the porch, over which was a bell in a tower and a saint in a canopied niche, stood a holy friar in a brown gown; and he was ministering to the bodily needs of a cripple when first I set eyes on him.

The calm, cool air of the building, and the antiquity of it, and its arched cloisters, seen through the porch, drew me towards it. The cripple was munching his bread, having drunk his wine. The friar looked less holy when viewed from but a yard or two. He had a coarse, hard face; his long bedraggled beard did not hide a

The cripple was munching his bread, having drunk his wine. The friar looked less holy when viewed from but a yard or two. He had a coarse, hard face; his long bedraggled beard did not hide a disagreeable mouth; and he could not have had a wash for many a day. However, I petitioned for leave to look about me, and having, as I believed, obtained this in the somewhat incoherent grunt which was given to me as a reply, I went boldly inside, and proceeded to make a drawing of the cloister square. There was an old well-head in the middle of this, and the arches on three sides of the square were quite fascinating. To be sure, grass grew beneath the flags of the stones, and thick cobwebs, dirt, and other trifles, here and there, showed that a spirit of neglect visited the place at times. Still, I was not concerned with that. I began, therefore, to draw at my case.

the figgs of the stones, and thick cobwebs, dirt, and other trines, the figgs of the stones, and thick cobwebs, dirt, and other trines, here and there, showed that a spirit of neglect visited the place at times. Still, I was not concerned with that. I began, therefore, to draw at my case.

I had made a few preliminary strokes, when I became conscious that all was not as it should be. The friar's voice, talking with some one, grew more and more discordant. It took a tone of menace at length; and, looking to see who had roused the reverend father into so unseemly a mood, I saw him coming towards me, with a fierce swinging of the skirts, and a heavy tread of his large, broad, bare feet. He at once affronted me with an expression of face, and an insolence of tone which were new to me in Sardinia.

He spoke Sarde, not Italian. I did not, therefore, completely follow him; but I gathered that he was paralysed with indignation at my impertinence in daring to meddle with the monastery on paper. I showed him the drawing, to prove the harmless nature of my work. But, though I warrant he could not understand it (for I am but a poor draughtsman), he seemed to fancy it was something diabolical, and so his stupid head went aflame with fresh anger. He began to threaten, as I delayed to move. And so I had to retreat before his brown, outstreiched arm, the rattle of his rosary, and his guttural denunciations in the Sarde tongue. These last, I am glad to say, fell softly upon me; for I understood them as little as he the nature of a picture. But they must have been replete with naughtiness and mis-statement; for two country-folk who had supplanted the cripple (a grimed, bent, old man, and a saturnine woman with much useless, long, lank, black hair) stood at the gate when I passed out by it, displayed their white teeth at me like a pair of dogs, and joined in the vocal snarls of the hysterical monk, so long as I was within hearing of the mere echo of them. It would have been a terrible thing to engage in a hand-to-hand tussle with

#### WASHINGTON SOCIETY

#### BY AN AMERICAN LADY

THE lack of formality in the Washington "Court Centre" of America, where are assembled all the titled people of whom we can beast, is very striking. There may be queenly affability in the White House, princely wrangling in the Senate Chamber, and royal jealousies among the Cabinet ladies, but the Democratic freedom with which one person treats another, and which, on certain occasions at least, opens wide everybody's doors, and offers a welcome to the world outside, is singularly impressive.

That great White House, which is used both as a home for the President's family and a place for the transaction of his official business, allows people to walk in and out of its doors, saunter about its rooms, shake hands at seasonable hours with the man who has leased it for four years, and seek the members of his family much as they would the bears and elephants at a circus, and without paying for it either, except by a little pasteboard card, signifying them to be—for the time being at least—gentlemen and ladies.

either, except by a little pasteboard card, signifying them to be—for the time being at least—gentlemen and ladies.

To those living in Washington these habits and ways of the public and the officials are nothing new or strange. Every lour years there is a change in the name and personality of the head of the Government and his aids; but the routine is the same. These ways and manners are only impressive to a stranger, and particularly to that stranger if he has ever lived in a European country where the heads

of Government are Kings and Queens and Emperors, and ceremonies and pomp and formality are the order of the day.

To be sure the officials, and especially their wives, have laid down certain rules, which have become unwritten laws, as to who stands highest in rank, and who takes precedence of whom on State occa-sions. There is a certain day in the week when the Cabinet ladies receive, and another for the wives of the Representatives. One set is not permitted to trespass upon the privileges of the other; but this is an easy lesson soon learned, and meantime the public is free to do

what it pleases.

This is a peculiar season at Washington. It only recurs once in four years—when the new President takes his place at the head of the Government. The homes of the outgoing officials.are broken

up, and those who are to take their places are staying at the different hotels, quite as if they belonged to the common multitude.

During my visit to Washington a few days ago I happened to stop at the hotel where one of the Cabinet Ministers was staying, the Attorney-General, Mr. Miller, who was Mr. Harrison's lawpartner before he became President. Mr. Miller's wife was not in town, and he had his meals in the public dining-room, and was not hown, any more attention, by proprietor or servants than any town, and he had his meals in the public dining-room, and was not shown any more attention by proprietor or servants than any ordinary guest of the house. Not even was a special table reserved for him, but he was placed here or there when he came into the dining-room, and would probably have been very much disturbed if any especial attention had been shown him. I had occasion to speak with him, and sent my card to him from the public drawing-room. My only certificate was the indication on my card that I was the representative of a certain New York newspraper but he was the representative of a certain New York newspaper, but he held out his hand to me when he entered the room quite as if I had been an old friend, and we had the pleasantest kind of a chat. It would not have been possible for these circumstances to have taken place in England; but, after all, ought we not to be proud of our democratic Republicanism?

Washington is a round city. I do not believe there is any other town in the world laid out like our national capital. The finest building in the c'ty—most patriotic Americans say the finest in the world—is the Capitol. It has a great dome, and two huge square wings, and looks down from a terrace of marble upon broad streets, numberless parks and gardens, and fine houses. The Capitol is the centre of the city, and from it diverge, at right angles, four very wide avenues. This plan is the one upon which the entire city said out. Small circles distributed throughout the city gives rates wide avenues. This plan is the one upon which the entire city is laid out. Small circles distributed throughout the city give space for trees and herb—all fenceless and open—and from which the streets run out in symmetrical form. An attempt has been made to pronounce the portion of the city which lies nearest the White House the most aristocratic, but it would seem that any endeavour to make one place superior to another did not succeed any better than an attempt to make one person better than another in the to make one place superior to another did not succeed any better than an attempt to make one person better than another in the National Capital of the United States. There is not an official residence except that of the President. The Cabinet officers, who come next to the President in power and rank, are men not always rich, and the salaries paid, 1,600% a-year, are far from princely. The President himself receives but 10,000% a-year, and with the entertainments he is expected to give, and the generous way in which he is supposed to live, it is said to be difficult to make both ends meet at the end of the year.

Living is cheaper in Washington than in most of the other American cities; rents are low, and houses of all sizes and shapes are easy to find. Everything is cheap except articles of wearing apparel, and most of the ladies who live there and require elaborate wardrobes either send to Paris for them or do their shopping in New York. The journey to New York on the fast trains takes but a little over five hours, and a visit there is a reasonably simple affair.

The great number of coloured people in Washington is a very striking feature to a visitor from the North. The negroes are quite as numerous as the white people, and while one does not meet with them at the hotels, except in the capacity of servants, they pervade every other part of the capacity of servants, they pervade

them at the hotels, except in the capacity of servants, they pervade every other part of the capital. Many of them are eminently respectable in personal appearance, and have lucrative positions of one kind and another.

one kind and another.

I remember, during my first walk, I met four young coloured girls—they must have been quadroons. Their faces all bore the same shade of colour—a very light brown. They were very neatly, even jauntily, dressed, and, under their coquettish veils, had the appearance of unusually dark-complexioned Spaniards. They were stared at considerably, but carried themselves in a ladylike and dignified manner. The negro servants in Washington were curiously listless and slow. In the North, a good negro domestic, either man or woman, is held in high esteem. They are far from being obsequious, although that might be looked for from them. Their indifference to please may come as a sort of reaction from the state of slavery which they were once in. When I remarked upon the matter, however, I was told by a thoroughly democratic member of society that the highest officials in Washington were only servants, and the negroes felt this and their state of equality as well as any other representatives of humanity.

#### A GIPSY MYSTICAL SYMBOLICAL FORTUNE-TELLING BOX

TELLING BOX

This box has been presented, or rather sold for a merely nominal sum, to Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, by a number of leading gipsies, in gratitude for his efforts to improve the condition of the gipsies and van children. The presentation took place last November at a large gathering of gipsies on Plaistow Marshes, and a memorandum was drawn up and signed by its then possessor, David Lee, stating that the "small symbolical and mystical copper and brass box, bearing the name 'Right Door Lee,' engraved and dated 1182, had been an heirloom in his family, the gipsy Lees, and had been held by his father's ancestors back to the date engraved upon it. The box is stated to have brought

else "Right through the Sea." The box is probably one of the passports granted by Pope Sixtus IV. to the gipsies to admit them to the kings and rulers of Europe, and of the countries through which they travelled, soliciting alms on their pious pilgrimage. This also agrees with Mr. Smith's views expressed in his works on gipsy life as to their first appearance in Europe and England at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Consequently, he considers that time and wear have turned the 1482 into 1182, and the date 1497 (on the side not shown in our illustration) into 1197. Mr. Smith is well known for his strenuous and su-cessful efforts to improve the condition of the brickyard and canal-boat children. He is now working hard to induce Parliament to educate and protect 130,000 English and induce Parliament to educate and protect 130,000 English and Scotch gipsy and van children, and his proposed measures have the good wishes of the gipsies and van-dwellers themselves.

#### A FAMOUS FOOTBALL UMPIRE

DURING the International Football Match (Association) between England and Scotland, which was played at Kennington Oval on April 13th, Mr. J. Sinclair, of 1, Howard Street, Belfast, acted as referee, being the seventh time he has been invited to undertake that office in this important annual event. As it is probably a unique occurrence in the chronicles of football to find one person



complimented so often by both contestants, and as, moreover, Mr. Sinclair (we learn this with regret) purposes this year retiring from athletic concerns, we deem it a fitting opportunity to publish his portrait, which is from a photograph by James Magill, Donegall Place, Belfast.

#### TWENTY-ONE YEARS A SPEAKER

ON Saturday, March 30th, an interesting presentation took place in the Lower Branch of the Ancient Legislature of the Isle of Man, when Mr. William Farrant, Senior Member of the House of Keys,

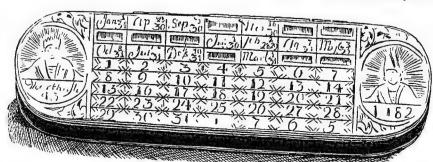


presented to the Speaker of that Assembly a massive ord oak chair-carved in an appropriate manner. Major John Senhouse Goldie, Taubman has occupied the Chair of the House for over twenty-one years, and the presentation was made to him by his fellow members "to signify their appreciation of the impartiality and ability with which he has discharged the duties of his office."

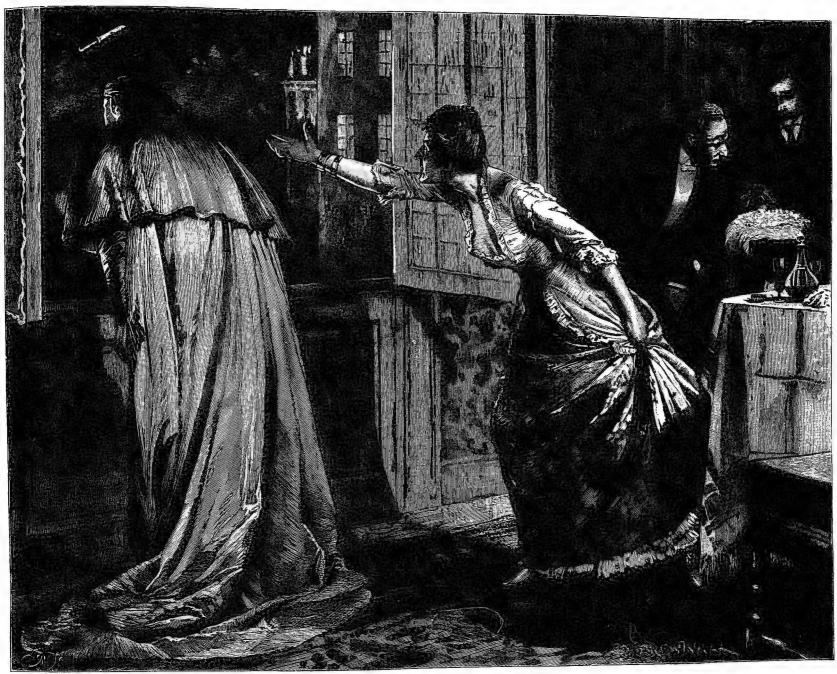
In asking the Speaker to accept the

In asking the Speaker to accept the chair, Mr. Farrant alluded to the fact that the Speakership of the House of Keys has become almost hereditary, Major Goldie-Taubman's ancestors having occupied the post with honour and integrity for 150 years. The Speaker's wife and eldest daughter were present during the ceremony, and the Speaker in reply delivered a most interesting historical address, in which he especially commented upon the fact that the ower than ever they had before done in In asking the Speaker to accept the

Keys at present hold more power than ever they had before done in the Isle of Man, and had a great deal more control over the expenditure of the island. Major Goldie-Taubman lives in a picture and historical residue. expenditure of the island. Major Goldie-Taubman lives in a picturesque and historical residence just outside Douglas, which town is the capital of the island, and he is deservedly popular among all classes of the people.—We are indebted for the photograph (which was taken by Abel Lewis, of Douglas) and for the foregoing details to the editor of the Isle of Man Times.



thousands of pounds to the Lee family, and fortunes—so the gipsies themselves would say—to those who climbed the "Ladder of Life," or the "Golden Ladder" (which is engraved on the side of the box not shown in our engraving), read the mystical numbers, and had their "planets ruled." Mr. Smith thinks that the box was engraved abroad, and that Right Door Lee either means an officer of the sacred army of gipsies who were wont to march about Europe some centuries since, with counts and earls at their head, or some centuries since, with counts and earls at their head, or



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

She flung the dessert-knife she still held in her hand insultingly in their faces, with a whoop of challenge.

#### SHEM" TENTS OF "THE

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HOLY WAR

IRIS stood speechless with horror and terror. From the window of the dining-room, whence they looked upon the outer court of the fort, she could see a turbulent mass of angry Kabyles, the first in the field, drunk by this time with fanaticism and blood, surging wildly against the bailey gate of the frail little fortress. The vanguard had almost succeeded in surprising the place; and the postern, even now, was kept open from within, strongly guarded, to give refuge to the panic-stricken and flying Colonists from the outside homes. A few Zouaves, hastily summoned from the guardroom, were holding at bay for awhile with fixed bayonets the tumultuous wave of frantic insurgents. A hum as of a beehive pervaded the place. Men, women, and children, pressing their way between escort through the savage crowd under a hot fire, were running the gauntlet for the harbour of refuge. Screams, yells, and bellowings, like those of wild beasts, pursued them to their lair. More and more Kabyles surged up each minute. The Père Baba, in his white burnous and with his long grey beard all spattered with mud, came rushing for the gate with two children in his arms. Monseigneur, calm and courageous in the midst of the din, recognised the good old man, and, flinging the window open wide, cheered him on with his voice to the place of safety. As he neared the gate, a few of the foremost Kabyles, recognising their friend, refrained from striking him; but others, shouting aloud "Jehad! Jehad!" raised their daggers angrily in mid air; and one shrieking wretch brought down a rusty cutlass on the good priest's shoulder, making the blood spurt out over the brave old man's white Kabyle burnous.

At sight of the blood, Iris cried aloud in terror, and all but fainted. Vernon Blake supported her in his arms to a chair. There she sat and cowered, with her face in her hands, white as a sheet, and in-IRIS stood speechless with horror and terror. From the window

At sight of the blood, Iris cried aloud in terror, and all but fainted. Vernon Blake supported her in his arms to a chair. There she sat and cowered, with her face in her hands, white as a sheet, and incapable for awhile of speech or motion.

But Madame l'Administratrice, nothing daunted by the sight, leaning threateningly out of the open window, cried aloud with the intensest scorn and indignation, "Cowards, cowards! would you strike a defenceless old man and a pair of poor children? Come on and fight us, canaille d'indigènes, and you'il get your deserts, as you did in 1870." And she flung the dessert-knife she still held in her hand insultingly in their faces, with a whoop of challenge.

The hated face of the woman with high heels seemed to rouse the excited blood of the angry Kabyles to a perfect pitch of ungovernable frenzy. With a rush they dashed at the open gate once more; and the Zouaves, just hurrying the wounded Père Baba within the

walls, were compelled next moment to shut the postern in the face of the last few flying villagers. As they did so, the Kabyles hacked to pieces before their eyes a terrified Frenchwoman, who had fled in frantic alarm for the gate, and then tossed her head contemptuously from a pike in the direction of the window. A bullet came whizzing past Madame's ears; Madame withdrew her face rapidly for half a second from their sight, then put it out again like a saucy street child that she was, with her tengue in her cheek and her eyes rolling wickedly.

second from their signs, then put she had been eves rolling whickedly.

"Cochons!" she cried again, importurbable still, but white with rage. "Cochons! Cochons! Sacris cochons d'indigènes." And she stuck out her tongue at them in savage exultation.

Monseigneur pulled her gently but firmly within.

"Madame," he said, in a very stern voice, placing her at the furthest end of the disordered room, "it is not thus we shall teach these misguided creatures to respect our cause. Not insult but reason. M. l'Administrateur, permit them to open the gate for me one moment. I will go out as I am, taking my life in my hand, and reason with these poor fanatical people."

M. l'Administrateur gazed back at him for a second in mild surprise. He was too practical a man not to see clearly that the moment for argument had gone past long since, and that an eminent dignitary, of the Church in a violet robe who should venture forth to still their passions just then with Christian advice and sweet reasonableness would assume the unbecoming form of mincemeat in rather less than half-a-dozen seconds, "Monseigneur," he answered, politely but firmly, "you cannot possibly leave the Fort. Every man within it will be sorely needed soon if we're to hold out till reinforcements can arrive from Algiers. Castellane, look after the guns and the magazine. Randon, hurry up the reserve from the barrack! Sabaterie, see if they've cut the telegraph wires, will you?"

The next ten minutes were a crowded time of manifold sensation

Darrack! Sabaterie, see if they've cut the teregraph was you?"

The next ten minutes were a crowded time of manifold sensation and noise and motion, during which Iris was conscious only of continuous firing and confused uproar, and loud occasional reports from the one big gun of the tiny battery. When she next could recognise anything with distinct perception, she saw that the window was now closed tight with an iron casemate, that all the men, Vernon Blake included, had left the room, that a great glare pervaded the fort, and that her mother and their hostess were holding her up between them in their arms, and trying to comfort her with tears and kisses.

"I never knew I was such a coward before," Iris murmured, with some pallid attempt at a smile. "I'm afraid I should never make a

some pallid attempt at a smile, good soldier."

"My dear," Madame answered, with a sagacious little nod, "we're all of us just equal cowards in our hearts; only we're a great deal too much ashamed to confess it. But this time the indigenes will do for us finally. We're all dead women. They've cut the wires, and no help can come. Nothing on earth can possibly save us. We must make up our minds to die where we stand. For my part," and the little woman seized another dessert knife viciously in her fist, "I'm not going to die without sticking this, hilt-deep, into the breast of a dog of a Kabyle."

"We must make up our minds to die!" Iris repeated, all horrorstruck.

struck.

"Yes, my dear," Madame answered, with infinite sang froid.
"They'll murder us all! Just the same as they did at Palaestro in

Insy in murder us and Just the same as they did at Timesto in 1870."

Iris, unaccustomed to thus dwelling upon the fiery verge of an active volcano, hid her face in her hands once more at the easy answer; but Madame l'Administratrice, inured to danger, went on glibly in an unconcerned voice, "I've looked out through the peephole in the casemate of the window, and I can see they're firing the houses and the haystacks. Old Fourchault's haystack's blazing like a bonfire! Ciel, what a blaze! They're putting torches now to the woodwork of the school. There are women and children in there, all huddled together, who came too late to escape into the Fort. They'll be roasted alive in the house pretty soon, unless Hippolyte can get up a sortie to recover them."

"But who are the men who are doing these fearful things?" Iris cried in horror.

"But who are the men who are doing these fearful things?" Iris cried in horror.

"Your friends, the Beni-Merzoug for the most part," Madame answered, coolly; "they and the Beni-Yenhi and the Aith-Menguellath."

"The Beni-Merzoug!" Iris exclaimed, in blank dismay. "Why, surely those are Meriem's people."

"Parfailement, ma chère," Madame responded, cheerfully. "And I've very little doubt your good cousin herself's out there, this moment, assisting them to set fire to the little children and old women in the school-house. It amuses them, that—to burn alive little children and poor helpless old women!

A blank silence reigned for some minutes, while Iris cowerel and crouched half fainting once more in the corner. She, the Third Classic, the indomitable reasoner, so resolute and determined in every moral crisis, was a physical coward of the feeblest in an emergency like this. Even Mrs. Knyvett herself, she observed to her surprise, was far more composed; while Madame l'Administratrice, that weak little creature, rising with true Parisian buoyancy to the height of the occasion, kept her eye fixed from time to time on the peephole

in the casemate, undeterred by the rifle bullets that rattled continually against its resounding surface, and went on with a running comment, undisturbed, on the history of the insurrection.

"They're making a sortie!" she cried at last, with volatile animation, withdrawing her face for a moment from the well-guardel look-out. "My husband has organised a party of Zouaves. Well done, Hippolyte! Well done, Sabaterie! They've opened the gates and sallied out in good order. ... Monseigneur's with them, and Mr. Blake too. ... Monseigneur's holding up two fingers to the rebels. ... The staircase is burnt down, and the women and children are being fired at in a mass by the cochons d'indigènes. ... The fire grows heavier and heavier each moment. The rescue party's fought its way through to the door now. Well done, again, Hippolyte! I can see it all plainly by the light of the haystacks. ... They re putting up a ladder to the window for the women to escape. There's Julie Augier on the ladder now coming down like a bundle. ... She's safe! she's safe! They've caught her and held her! Monseigneur's caught her; ce brave Monseigneur / Pierre Förstemann the Alsatian's up there, too, with his rifle, picking off the Kabyles coolly as they approach the ring; he'sa splendid shot, Pierre; he'll bowl them over. ... Mr. Blake's on the ladder now, handing down the children. ... They're firing at him, I think; I can see a Kabyle dog just pointing his rifle. Ha! yes. Quel dommage! He's hit him on the arm! He's pinked his man. He's badly hurt. The arm's bleeding!"

"Hit whom?" Iris cried, in an agony of suspense.

"Mr. Blake," Madame answered, her blood all afire with the excitement of the scene. "But n'importe! Our men have covered him well; they're bringing him back. These savages shan't have his body. The women and children are all safe, too. Blake was handing down a little girl—the very last left—when a bullet struck him on the left fore-arm. Well thrust, mon caporal. Well thrust, indeed! They'll have him under cover in the gateway

The Zouaves outside, the women and children and wounded in the centre of the square. Mon Dieu, it's splendid; but oh, what hot work!" She gave a little scream. "They've wounded the sous-lieutenant! But, mon Dieu, how they fight! I never saw anything finer in my life. The Kabyles are pouring in upon them on every side like ants from an ant-hill. The Zouaves are pushing them back—thrust, thrust—with fixed bayonets, and firing from the second rank inside upon those frightful creatures. And the blood! oh, the blood! Ma chère, it's flowing! Quel bruit, quel carnage! One can see the blood red by the glare of the haystacks.— They're close by the gate now; Sabaterie's leading them. Hippolyte's waving his sabre in the air.— They've opened the gates to these brave folk, and they're taking in the wounded. Lange gates to these brave folk, and they're taking in the wounded. Lange is firing among the savages with the great gun! Morbleu! What blood! Fire flashes from every bush and rock. Que c'est affreux!

blood! Fire flashes from every bush and rock. Que c'est affreux l'
Que c'est magnifique l'"
"And Mr. Blake?" Iris asked, too terrified now to make any pretence at cloaking her special interest in that one non-combatant.
"Mr. Blake's inside the wall all safe, and Hippolyte's shaking
his sabre in their faces, insulting those wretches before he closes the
gate for ever upon them. Well done, Hippolyte! C'est bien fait,
mon enfant. I never admired my husband before; but to-night,
veyez vons—what a chance! what a change! I could lay down my
life for him."

reyez rons—what a chance! what a change! I could lay down my life for him."

In two minutes more that disordered dining-room was filled afresh with pale women and children, too terrified even to cry, and men with bleeding arms to be stanched and bandaged. Madame l'Administratice, well used to such work, turned aside instantly to tear up linen rag into long strips, and to encourage and tend these brave defenders. Finger-glasses supplied water to stanch open wounds, and dinner napkins were hastily turned by deft hands into impromptu tourniquets. Iris, now partially recovered from her first wild scare, collected her thoughts to put in practice on Vernon Blake's cut and bleeding arm the lessons she had learned at her Cambridge ambulance classes. And without, the noise grew ever louder and fiercer, and the glare broke stronger with a more lurid light through the creaking cracks of the iron casemate.

In half-an-hour a Zouave, all grimy with smoke and blood and powder, came up from below with an urgent message.

"Monsieur desires me to tell Madame," he said, not forgetting his military salute even at that moment of danger, "that we have ammunition enough to resist for three days, and that in any case we can hold out till to-morrow morning. If a rescue arrives, all will be well. He will send a messenger out to Tizi-Ouzou."

"The messenger will never get there," Madame answered, with a shrill little laugh of despair. "He'll be cut into a thousand very small pieces before he can break through the line of Beni-Merzoug. But never mind. If we die, we'll have killed three times ourselves in Kabyles!"

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### DESPAIR

BUT alone, on the summit of the Col, beneath the steep slopes of Lalla Khaelidji, Eustace Le Marchant knelt in agony on the crisp smooth snow, beside half-lifeless Meriem, giving up all for lost, both there and at St. Cloud, in his utter helplessness. A mile or two of snow still remained to be traversed before they could reach the beginning of hare ground once more on the downward slope; and two of show still remained to be traversed before they could reach the beginning of bare ground once more on the downward slope; and Meriem, in her present state of collapse, was wholly unfit to continue a hundred yards further.

The cold was intense, and the wind blew through him.

If only he could carry her! But the idea was impracticable. He had walked too far. His strength was used up. They must both sit down and die together.

Loth sit down and die together.

And yet, how easy the slope looked! A smooth descent down a And yet, how easy the slope looked! A smooth descent down a long and even snow-clad valley. No glaciers here, as in the High Alps; no peaks or snow bridges; no probing with the axe, or cutting steps in ice; no moraines or precipices; no boulders or crevasses; nothing but one long level slope of snowbank. It looked as easy as those great drifts he had often slid down on a toboggan at Quebec the year he was working upon the coleoptera of Canada.

And then, with a flash of inspiration, the idea seized him—Why not slide down, with Meriem in his arms—if only he could find something solid to slide upon?

But what? The very hope seemed to mock his despair. Not a stick or a stone lay about anywhere. Nothing but snow, snow, snow, all round. And the pitiless flakes still fell over them as they

snow, all round. And the pitiless flakes still fell over them as they sat, and covered Meriem's dress with their cold white crystals.

He was kneeling, but on what? Not on the fresh-fallen snow. He sank into that for a full inch, and then supported himself on a hard crust beneath. He knew well what that hard crust meant. A thin layer of ice had frozen on top of the older snow. A layer solid enough and firm enough to support him.

When snow falls and lies long in a cold climate or on high mountains, the heat of the sun often melts the surface on warm days, and the melted top then freezes hard at night, forming a sort of crust or semi-solid layer, which caps the soft and powdery under stratum. On such a crust Le Marchant was kneeling. His heart gave a bound as he seemed to feel its value to him in this last

extremity.

"Lend me your knife, Meriem," he said, suddenly.

"What for?" Meriem cried, roused to horror at the demand.

"You don't want to do yourself any harm, do you, Eustace?"

"No," Eustace answered, holding her tight for warmth against his own breast. "I only want to cut some ice. I'll show you why soon Meriem"

his own breast. soon, Meriem."

Meriem took from her girdle the little ornamental dagger, set with knobs of coral and lapis lazuli, that all unmarried Kabyle girls wear by their side, and handed it without a word, in her numbed fingers, to her eager companion. A sudden thought seemed to

"If I die here, Eustace," she cried with energy, "and you have strength to go on upon your way to Bouira, will you promise me to take the charm from my neck and throw it in a fire, without ever opening it?"

"You will not die, Meriem," Eustace answered, firmly. "Or, if

you do, I will die here beside you."

"But promise me, at any rate," Meriem gasped out, shivering.

"I'll promise you anything, Meriem," the Englisman answered, pressing her hand hard. "And if I die with you here, I shall die hanny."

happy."
"Thank you," Meriem said. "You are very good, Eustace. I told you before, I love you as I love no one else on earth but

Vernon."
Eustace took the knife and proceeded to cut out with it a large square or oblong cake of the under surface—the icy layer—some seven or eight feet long, and broad in proportion. Then he shovelled away the upper snow cautiously with his arms, and drew it out with care on the freshly fallen surface. If it broke, they were lost; but if only he could manage to seat Meriem accurately in the very middle, and push it before him with hands or feet, it would go like a toboggan, he fondly fancied, down those smooth slopes.

it was a forlorn hope; that last straw to which the drowning man proverbially clings, but, alas for Eustace, it was insane, impracticable. As he lifted Meriem and placed her on the frail seat, the ice shattered at once into a thousand fragments. He wondered at his own insensate folly in hoping it would bear her. That ice go down a whole mountain side! Why, it splintered at a touch. Ridiculous! Impossible!

Impossible!

He sat down on the snow once more in despair. "If we had only some wine!" he said. "Some brandy! Anything!"

Meriem opened her eyes at the sound, and answered feebly, with a flash of remembrance, "Your flask is at my girdle. I forgot it till now. I snatched it up as we were leaving the tent. There's something in it. I thought you might want it."

With a wild cry of joy, Le Marchant seized the bottle eagerly from her side, and unscrewed the top with numbed white fingers. It was whisky, neat, and happily more than half full. "Thank God," he cried, "we're saved, Meriem," and he poured out a wineglassful into the cup beneath, tempering the raw spirit with a handful of snow that melted in it instantly. "Here, drink this off," he went on, holding it to her blue lips; "it'll give us both off," he went on, holding it to her blue lips; "it'll give us both strength to go on to Bouira."

"Is it wine?" Meriem asked. "I never tasted any. You know we're not allowed to drink wine, we Moslems."

"No, it's not wine!" Le Marchant answered, firmly. "And you're not a Moslem! And whether you like or not, you must drink it instantly!"

you're not a Moslem! And whether you like or not, you must drink it instantly!"

Meriem drank it off without further parley. "Why, it warms one at once," she cried, in surprise. "I never in my life felt anything like it."

Le Marchant tossed down a good draught himself. "Now, we'll wait five minutes for that to take effect," he said, with fresh hope; "and then, as soon as it's begun to strengthen us, if I have to carry you down the whole way in my arms, we'll go on, Meriem."

But in a few minutes, Meriem, summoning up all her courage, and refreshed by the stimulant, was ready once more to start off walking again with a spasmodic effort.

The downward slope was far easier than the upward one. Sometimes have sliding a constitute of the start of the st

The downward slope was far easier than the upward one. Sometimes by sliding, sometimes by a glissade, and sometimes by trudging through the soft snow, they made their way toilsomely and slowly to the point where the snow ceased on the mountain. Already the exercise and the higher temperature made Meriem warmer. As they reached the last edge of the deep snow, she said, with a fresh access of feverish energy,

"I can walk on now to the bottom, Eustace."

On, and ever on, they tramped accordingly, in the early morning, the dawn just beginning to whiten the east in the direction of the iron line they could now see dimly below them in the gorge of the river. Meriem had never set eyes on a railway before, but she was the first to make it out, with its rigid curve, and she guessed what it meant.

it meant.

"The iron road," she cried, for she had forgotten the English name that Eustace called it. "We haven't so far to go now. I can hold out still, if I drop when I get there."

It was five o'clock in the morning when they reached the gorge itself, and stood by the side of the single line of railway. Eastward, the next station was not in sight; but westward, beyond the river, they had descried from the heights houses and a steeple. That must be Beni-Mansour Station, Eustace thought, from the lie of the country. They turned their weary feet in that direction, walking along the line, and treading on the ties; if only they could once reach a station, they could telegraph on for aid in all directions.

directions.

A hundred yards further on they came to a bridge. It was an iron girder bridge, thrown boldly across the river from bank to bank of the wide gorge. But there was no footway. The rails ran along skeleton-wise upon sleepers and ties; the work beneath was open trestle-work of the American type. Meriem looked along at it with doubt and hesitation, "It's hardly a kilomètre to the station," she said, shrinking back. "But, Eustace, I daren't cross that thing now. If it were up in our mountains, and I were fresh and strong sne said, snrinking back. But, Eustace, I darent cross that thing now. If it were up in our mountains, and I were fresh and strong, perhaps I might venture; but I'm so very weak and giddy with fatigue and hunger! Leave me here, leave me here for a while, and send people back to me from the village with food. I shall be

and send people back to me from the viriage with 100d. I shall be quite safe where I am, you know. I shall sit by the roadside, and nothing will hurt me."

Le Marchant considered seriously for a moment with himself. She was certainly in a very weak and faint condition. It required She was certainly in a very weak and faint condition. It required nerve and strength to cross that bridge. He hardly cared even to face the task himself. Yet, on the other hand, he didn't like to leave Meriem alone and unprotected by the open roadside. He leave Meriem alone and unprotected by the open roadside. He reflected, however, that Kabyle maidens are generally very well able to take care of themselves; and also, which was perhaps a great deal more to the point, that nobody was likely to be passing at that early hour down an uninhabited gorge, along a lonely railway line. As the outcome of which deliberation, he decided at last it would be best to leave Meriem by herself for the time being, and hurry on, for her sake as well as for the sake of the besieged at St. Cloud, to the nearest village. The sooner he could get there, the sooner she would have food, warmth, and shelter. Though it looked, perhaps, a little cruel and unchivalrous to leave her, it was the truest chivalry and kindness in the end—the only way to

procure her all that she needed.

"Very well, Meriem," he said, with regretful decision. "Sithere by the side; I won't be long. I shall come back to you soon with food and clothing." Then a sudden idea struck him as he will be said. with food and clothing." Then a sudden idea struck him as he turned to go. "You must take care of the engine," he sail, in a warning voice; "you know what that is—the great iron horse that comes puffing and snorting along the rails. If it passes by while you're here, don't go on the line, or it'll run you down and cush you to atoms. Better not stir at all from the spot. Sit where you are by the side till I return; don't move hand or foot, for fear of don'ts."

Meriem nodded her weary head in assent, and took his hand in her own, dreamily. She raised it to her mouth, and printed a kiss upon it. Eustace stooped down and kissed her forehead in return. "Good-bye, Meriem," he said, "I shall soon be back. Good-bye, my child, and take care of the engine."

And he turned to make his way across that dangerous bridge, with a wave of his hand towards the half-fainting Kabyle girl.

(To be continued)



MRS. MACQUOID'S "Elizabeth Morley" (Bristol: J. W. Arrow-MRS. MACQUOID'S "Elizabeth Morley" (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith) belongs to the matrimonial variety of fiction, without being in the least degree unhealthy, which is of itself to say a great deal in its favour. Moreover, it is not based upon any of the conventional misunderstandings which are among the typical features of the ordinary matrimonial novel. The rule is for husband and wife to set out with a superabundance of sentiment, to be parted by sheer was to common sense and to be brought together again by the want of common sense, and to be brought together again by the necessity of bringing the third volume to an end. From these and similar conventionalities Mrs. Macquoid's story is refreshingly free, similar conventionalities Mrs. Macquoids Story is refreshingly free, owing in some measure, it may be, to her having no third, or even second, volume to fill, but certainly to her dramatic instinct and to her knowledge of human nature. The estrangement is brought about in the most natural way in the world between a man who marries, for liking and family convenience, a woman who mistakenly believes that she will be satisfied with unromantic friendship, and that his coldness towards herself is only a part of his general character. The estrangement is created by her discovery of her mistake in both respects, aided by evil influence from outside; and the dénoûment is brought about by an unconscious growth of real love on the husband's part in as natural a manner as every ether actions. on the husband's part in as natural a manner as every other part of the tale. Some charming pictures of life in out-of-the-way foreign places, in Mrs. Macquoid's best manner, give additional attraction to an interesting and altogether sympathetic story.

The disadvantages of too great proficiency in the art of dreaming were set forth, once for all, by the late Lord Lytton in one of the best of the tales in "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and we cannot consider that the author of "Thoth," in "A Dreamer of Dreams," (I vol.: Blackwood and Sons), has, while he has elaborated, improved upon the idea. Moreover, he shows himself deficient in those niceties of construction supremely required by an idea which those niceties of construction supremely required by an idea which seems to demand, for even adequate treatment, a Hofmann or a Gautier. For example, the seam is left much too manifest where the real life of Henry Newman runs into his vision, so that an intended myesification breaks down at the triangle the result of intended mystification breaks down at starting; the moral of the dream is too direct, lucid, and coherent; and the introduction of Satan himself in person, in the disguise of a respectable family solicitor, is a piece of unnecessarily heavy machinery which we trust is not intended for one of the stock platitudes of satire. On the other hand, the style of the story, considered only as a piece of writing, is delightful; and we could well have dispensed with the whole of the dream business for the sake of ten times as much of the hero's experiences of the Fen Country while he was still in a healthy frame of mind. We are on the whole inclined to think that the author's fancy flies too high for its strength; that, while it

the author's fancy flies too high for its strength; that, while it prefers to soar among the clouds, its real home is upon the common ground, where, after all, it is just as good to be as elsewhere, especially when in such company as that of Una Armitage.

Another anonymous writer, the authoress of "Miss Molly," &c., brings out, under the auspices of the same publisher, a volume containing "Elizabeth" and five other reprinted stories, or rather sketches; for they hardly merit the more solid title. They are rather monotonous in manner, and in subject; but we may single out "Elizabeth" for its originality, as well as for its quiet grace and pathos, and "Nenuphar" for these things, and for a touch of poetry over and above them. We should say that the stories generally are to a considerable extent inspired by German influences, altogether to their advantage. They ought to find favour with a large circle of the better sort of readers.

A novel dealing with some imaginary race of beings, whether they be the inhabitants of some hitherto undiscovered portion of the globe, or of another planet altogether, requires a good deal of

globe, or of another planet altogether, requires a good deal of ration d'être beyond the exercise of fancy. It must either convey satire, or prophetical speculation, or, at the very least, the humour of simple extraverses. satire, or prophetical speculation, or, at the very least, the humour of simple extravagance. At any rate it must lie somewhere within the triangle marked out by Swift, the author of "The Coming Race," and "Baron Münchausen"—or one may add the dream-world of "Alice in Wonderland," and call the region a square. Mr. C. J. Hyne, in "Beneath Your Very Boots" (I vol.: Digby and Long), is neither satiric, nor prophetic, nor extravagant, nor grotesque; and, while the book is certainly not wanting in imagination, its failure in interest is more than fully accounted for. The supposed narrator, one Anthony Merlwood Haltoun, after having travelled all over the world, and then thrown away a fortune of 8,000l a year on the Turf, is sent, by a letter found in the orthodox brass-bound box, on a wild-goose errand, which ends in his descent among the people of a wild-goose errand, which ends in his descent among the people of an underground world — descendants of ancient cave-dwellers, who in the course of ages became separated from their fellow-creatures. Their civilization has became separated from their fellow-creatures. low-creatures. Their civilisation has, however, proceeded paripassu with that of the world of daylight, into which they send emissaries, and with which they keep up constant and secret communication; even their language and their names are the English of to-day. So that, but for certain peculiarities of costume, &c., and for some incidents due to their being under the every of a religious for some incidents due to their being under the sway of a religious impostor, there is no reason whatever why Mr. Haltoun should have gone underground in search of a story. The whole result is rather shilling the story of the shilling of the story. childish, without being extravagant or amusing enough for children; while the means used for leading up to the adventure are excep-

while the means used for leading up to the adventure are exceptionally crude and clumsy.

"Adèle's Love: The Story of a Faithful Little Heart," by Maude M. Butler (1 vol.: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), is a very mild little story of a distinctly religious character—entirely inoffensive, but on the whole rather futile. Perhaps the chief reason for missing whatever particular aim it may have is that the plot, slight and unpretentious as it is, is so exceedingly improbable—it takes the ordinary conditions of life too little into account to make its lessons of much value. It is of course satisfactory to leave the very objecof much value. It is of course satisfactory to leave the very objectionable. tionable Count in a better frame of mind: but by no means so satisfactory that the good people should have to die for no other reason than to bring him there.

#### BOWER-BIRD HILL

A QUEENSLAND PROSPECTOR'S STORY

THE tent was full of smoke—smoke and silence. On the table—swung from the ridge-pole by wires—a candle burned dim and gellow through the thick tobacco-mist. Presently, from one of the

three sleeping-stretchers, came a voice—

"Boys," it said—"I'm full-up of sinking duffers. Let's try some other place, and see if our luck will change for the better."

There was a pause; then, from another bunk, issued an acquies ent growl, followed by some nearly inaudible remarks about acquies ent grow, followed by some nearly inaudible remarks about "stubborn people;" and "amateur geologists," which brought me—the occupant of the remaining stretcher—to my feet, waving aside, the while, the clouds of smoke with an old towel.

We were three prospectors; and, on this particular evening, were, and in fact had been during the last week or so, in rather low spirits, mingled, perhaps, with a little irritation at our persistent run of ill-luck.

of ill-luck.

For three long months had we been pegging away, sinking innumerable "duffers," or barren shafts, and, as yet, had scarcely done more than "rise the colour." And the aggravating part of the business in the eyes of my two friends and fellow-prospectors, Harry Barton and Will Manners, was that, in spite of everything, I insisted on the fact of there being "payable gold" close to us, if we could but manage to drop upon it. Indeed, it was simply in deference to this belief, or, as they had begun too look upon it, infatuation of mine that we had stayed so long on the Konner. infatuation of mine, that we had stayed so long on the Ko

Creek.

"I don't profess to be a geologist, amateur, or otherwise," said I, impatiently, as I succeeded in getting a view of the two stalwart, recumbent human chimneys, "and know little more than you know, or, by this time should do, after all the experience gained at Gulgong, Gympie, and The Palmer—still, I tell you, I am certain that there is gold hereabouts if we could but trace it into the deep ground, where, I am almost sure, it will be eventually found. Anyhow, let's have one more week at it before we pack up and leave for good." good

good."
A groan of disgust at this proposition burst simultaneously from my two friends, and said Harry, "What is the use of staying longer? If there had been payable gold about, we must have come across it before now. We've worked like horses—not scratching, but good honest sinking, and what have we to show for it? two or three colours only. Look at the last shaft——"
"Eighty-seven feet, bottomed on the bed-rock; and as bare of washdirt as a billiard-table," put in Will. "Ugh! Let's clear out!"

washing a sa construction out!"

"I tell you both," said I, making a last effort, for I was very much attached to my favourite theory respecting the place, "that we don't go deep enough. Did you ever, either of you, see better-looking country. Quartz, yellow, and grey; cellular and nuggy, with any amount of black oxide of iron and crystals of iron pyrites? It is just possible," I went on, warming to my hobby, —"that, in the extensive volcanic eruptions of the Upper Pliocene

But this was more than my friends, in their present humour, were But this was more than my friends, in their present humour, were disposed to put up with just then, and, unceremoniously interrupting the beginning of an argument which they did not appreciate, and only half understood, often as they had heard it, they informed me that, if I pleased, I might stay on the Kowmong, but, as for themselves, they were off to some more promising locality.

The next day was Sunday, and, whilst Will went off with his gun to try and bag a turkey, Harry anxiously superintended the construction of a plum-pudding, for what we all rather sadly felt was most likely to be our last Sunday's dinner together: I having made up my mind to stay behind, and get some one else to assist

up my mind to stay behind, and get some one else to assist me in proving the truth, or fallacy, of my belief in the deep ground.

ground.

I was vexed, perhaps unreasonably so, at what I thought the stupid obstinacy of my comrades; and, sauntering away some distance into the scrub, I sat down under the thick shade of a native cherry-tree, where, lulled by the heat and the drowsy chirp of locusts, I nearly fell asleep whilst endeavouring to construct some forcible arguments with whose aid to convert my friends to what I considered to be the correct view of the case—my own, of course. I was aroused by a vast twittering, chuckling, and squabbling of birds in the scrub just behind me. At first I took little notice; but, the noise continuing, I became curious, and, cautiously advancing a scene I had heard of, but scarcely credited, at least in all its details, met my eyes. met my eyes.

met my eyes.

In a little open space, under the foliage of a quandong-tree, was what looked like a high natural tunnel of long grass, about the entrance to which played and gambolled, with an infinity of merriment, laughter, and fun, two birds, which I at once recognised, having often seen them before, as the famous Australian bower-builders. This, then, was their arbour, their nuptial playground and summerhouse.

The ground in front of the structure was strewn with a multitude The ground in front of the structure was strewn with a multitude of bright and glistening objects—bits of red cloth, coloured glass, tin, mussel-shells, &c., &c.—and when my eyes first fell on the collectors of the curious gathering, one of them, the hen-bird, was lying on her back, holding between her toes, with their strong, sharp nails, a round, glittering object, which I soon recognised as the missing cover of our small brass pocket-compass; and of which the male, with his lovely fan-like, rose-coloured crest, erect across the back part of the neck, was attempting with all his might to obtain possession. obtain possession.

the back part of the neck, was attempting with all his might to obtain possession.

Presesently the hen sprang to her feet and, still keeping hold of the article, which she transferred to her bill, darted swiftly into the bower, pursued by her partner, both fairly shrieking with laughter, as they chased one another in and out and round about. In a minute or two, the female dropped the little brass disc, and, snatching up a piece of scarlet cloth, she flaunted it before her companion's face, performing at the same time a kind of step-dance wonderfully ludicrous to behold; whilst he, in a frenzy of mock anger, with wings and crest outspread, rushed upon his audacious spouse, and an apparently terrible, and very noisy, contest took place, the birds falling upon and over one another, tussling and wrestling as if inspired by the bitterest animosity.

After this had lasted for awhile, the male bird rose, panting and breathless, but grasping in his beak the cause of all the fuss. He was a sight to be remembered; then, how his worsted better-half pretended to sulk, as she lay motionless on the ground, her rich glossy wings, with their spotting of palest citron, extended, her eyes shut, and every feather in her graceful body expressive of unmitigated disgust at such masculine brutality.

At this pitiful sight, the victor was apparently overcome by emotions of sincere regret and repentance, and, transferring the rag to his claw, the cunning fellow dropped it gently over his sweetheart's head at the state that the state of t

At this pitiful sight, the victor was apparently overcome by emotions of sincere regret and repentance, and, transferring the rag to his claw, the cunning fellow dropped it gently over his sweetheart's head, at the same time stretching himself beside her, and with many low, sweet calls and murmurs, whispering plaintive apologies for his rudeness into her ear.

Happening at this moment to glance upwards, I saw on a dead limb, just overhead, a great kookaburra, or laughing-jackass, who, with his head twisted on one side, and enormous bill wide open, had been evidently taking in the whole performance with as much interest as myself; so, seeming to think that the appropriate moment for applause had arrived, he, opening his mouth till one could see little else of him, broke out into a tremendous peal of shrieking, gurgling cachinnations that rang out startlingly through

the quiet bush. The female bower-bird, as the first appreciative note broke on her ear, jumped up as if electrified, and I never in my life saw a more palpably shame-faced-looking couple than those two spooning lovers appeared, as, after one furious glance at the hysterical monster above them, they slunk swiftly away into the underbrush, pursued by an hilarious roar of two-fold intensity, as another vulgar wretch, alighting on the same branch, and getting from his friend a brief recital of the scene he had witnessed, joined with him in one uproarious cackling peal.

Laughing heartily myself as I recalled the almost human expression of conscious shame and embarrassment which the pair of dally-

Laughing heartify myself as I recalled the almost human expression of conscious shame and embarrassment which the pair of dallying lovers had exhibited, and the utterly futile effort they had, for a moment, made to appear unconcerned and sedate, in fact, totally incapable of any amorous nonsense of the kind, when so rudely disturbed by the laughter of the feathered idiot—as they doubtless thought him—overhead, I stepped out of my ambush and examined their strange nuntial hower. strange nuptial bower.

their strange nuptial bower.

It was formed of two rows of kangaroo grass, stout and long, the butts of which were inserted, with wonderful neatness, firmly into a foundation of pebbles, gravel, and roots laid in two parallel rows, each one about three feet in length, and of just sufficient width to accommodate the pair at once; the tops had then been bent over and interlaced so as to form a graceful arch, cool and shady within

bent over and interlaced so as to form a graceful arch, cool and shady within.

Turning my attention to the museum in front, almost the first object that met my eye was a star-shaped piece of yellow metal, which, picking up and examining, I found, to my great surprise, to be a small nugget of gold weighing about three pennyweights.

"Specimen, dropped by some travelling digger, luckier than ourselves, and picked up by the birds," was Will Manners' commonplace explanation of my find, as we discussed it and our dinner that day. Harry Barton, however, having exhausted all the probabilities he could think of, began a disquisition on the doctrine of transmigration, suggesting it as quite possible that the souls of all unlucky diggers who had spent their lives in a useless search were changed into bower-birds, during their existence in that state to discover at will, and play with, the precious metal they had in this life so vainly striven to procure. That evening my companions gave me to understand that, rather than separate, they would stay on and test the deep ground if I would promise to leave with them at the end of that time; and to this I, of course, gladly agreed, as I did also to the only condition imposed, which was to keep absolute silence respecting any theories I might have formed respecting Pliocene, Miocene, and Mesozoic Epochs, Silurian and Tertiary Formations, &c., &c.

We worked all day on Monday. On Tuesday at dinner-time, I

stience respecting any theories I might have formed respecting Pliocene, Miocene, and Mesozoic Epochs, Silurian and Tertiary Formations, &c., &c.

We worked all day on Monday. On Tuesday at dinner-time, I visited the bower; the birds were nowhere to be seen, but I brought back a spicula of pure gold, weighing exactly one and a half pennyweights. Much laughter and argument in the camp that night, Will having to give up his "travelling-digger" solution of the mystery as improbable; and inclined to agree with me that the bird-miners had most likely picked their spoil from amongst some of the many heaps of soil which marked our frequent failures.

Our tent was pitched on a good-sized hill, covered from top to bottom, except around the camp, by an almost impenetrable scrub, extending on every side down to the broken, ridgy country through which the Kowmong flowed, and in the barren gullies and flats of which lay the scenes of our so far unsuccessful labours.

Harry Barton, possessed with the idea that our feathered rivals had "struck a patch" somewhere or other in the scrub, went for a day's "scratching," taking only a shovel and tin dish; returning that night very late, disheartened and in tatters, having left the greater portion of his garments amongst the lawyer-vines and "wait-a-bits."

Our clever and pretty neighbours, though, were far luckier, for

Our clever and pretty neighbours, though, were far luckier, for next morning they had brought two of the largest nuggets we had yet seen to their summer-house; and the three of us had half an hour's good view of their gambols, until an unlucky chuckle from Will startled them.

Will startled them.

We were by this time completely puzzled; Will remarking that, but for the mean look of the thing, we might knock off prospecting altogether, and live on the findings of the pair who had so decidedly proved themselves to be our superiors at our own avocation. We, forsooth, could find nothing nearly as large as a pin's head, whilst they apparently were able to pick it up in lumps. It was not only puzzling it was agrayating.

they apparently were able to pick it up in lumps. It was not only puzzling, it was aggravating.

About this time rather heavy rain fell, and the birds forsook their playground—the nest we were never able to find a sign of. But, even when the weather cleared up, our friends did not return, resenting perhaps our appropriation of their property, although as a sort of set-off we had left them the lid of the pocket-compass.

Our last attempt had been, as usual, a failure, that is to say, we only got a couple of almost invisible "colours," at a depth of nearly one hundred feet; and even I, sanguine as I had been, was beginning to think that gold in any quantity was out of the question, and that the birds had either carried theirs from a distance, or pilfered it from heaps of wash dirt in some far-away diggings.

beginning to think that gold in any quantity was out of the question, and that the birds had either carried theirs from a distance, or pilfered it from heaps of wash dirt in some far-away diggings.

So the last day arrived. The tent was struck and horses packed and saddled, with one exception, and that one of our best animals, who had strayed away, and on whose tracks Harry Barton had been absent since early morning.

Will and I were sitting silently on the site of our long camp awaiting his return, thinking sadly enough, too, of how much wasted labour and energy we had expended in the place when, suddenly, there fell on our ears the sound of a long-drawn faint "Coo-ee-e!"

"What is the matter now, I wonder!" exclaimed Will, as, jumping up, he answered the well-known signal. "Something must have happened to Barton. Come along."

Mounting our horses, we rode as quickly as we could through the scrub towards the summit of our hill, from which direction the now oft-repeated cry appeared to come, till presently the increasing steepness and dense undergrowth of tangled vines and prickly "wait-a-bits" forced us to dismount and tie our horses' bridles to a bush whilst we crawled along, as best we could, at times up to our knees in a rotten dibris of sticks and dead leaves; one moment climbing over a gigantic fungus-covered trunk of some prostrate forest giant, at another, using unparliamentary language, fast in the clutches of a "lawyer," against whose attachment even our stout moleskins seemed no protection.

"What in Heaven's name can Harry he up to in such a con-

moleskins seemed no protection.

"What, in Heaven's name, can Harry be up to in such a confounded hole as this?" I exclaimed, as we paused for a moment's

breathing time.

"Can't imagine," replied Will, as he ruefully surveyed his torn garments and scratched limbs, "unless some accident has happened

to him."
All apprehension on this score, however, was allayed, as, guided by the frequent "coo-ee's," we at last emerged on to quite a plain, covered with kangaroo-grass, rank and tall, amongst which we could see, steadily feeding, our missing steed, whilst, a short distance away, looking anxiously in our direction, was Harry, safe and sound enough.

"Hurrah, my boys!" he shouted, as he caught sight of us approaching. "I've found out where the bower-birds struck their patch at last!" holding aloft, at the same time, a long tussock of grass amidst the clay-burdened roots of which we could see many shining bits of yellow metal—the gold, we had so long searched for in vain, found, as it were, under our very noses.

"This, you see," went on Harry, "was the place the birds came to for the purpose of gathering the stuff for their bower. Well, I

followed the bay horse's tracks till I came out on this clearing; he had pulled a lot of grass up by the roots, and, as I stooped down followed the bay horse's tracks till I came out on this clearing; he had pulled a lot of grass up by the roots, and, as I stooped down to take off his hobbles, I saw this," showing us a beautiful pearshaped nugget; "weighs six ounces at the very least. Beat; the Silurian-Tertiary arrangement all into a cocked hat; don't it, old fellow?" he concluded, slapping me on the shoulder.

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied, "but at least the deep ground will be thoroughly tried when the rush sets in, as it's sure to do directly."

ground will be thoroughly tried when the rush sets in, as it's sure to do directly."

We soon, as in duty bound, hoisted the red flag on our claim, and reported the discovery; and, before long, hundreds of white tents dotted the rugged banks of the Kowmong, whilst all day long, in every direction, was heard the swish of the cradles, the whirr of the windlasses, and the cries of "Look out below!"

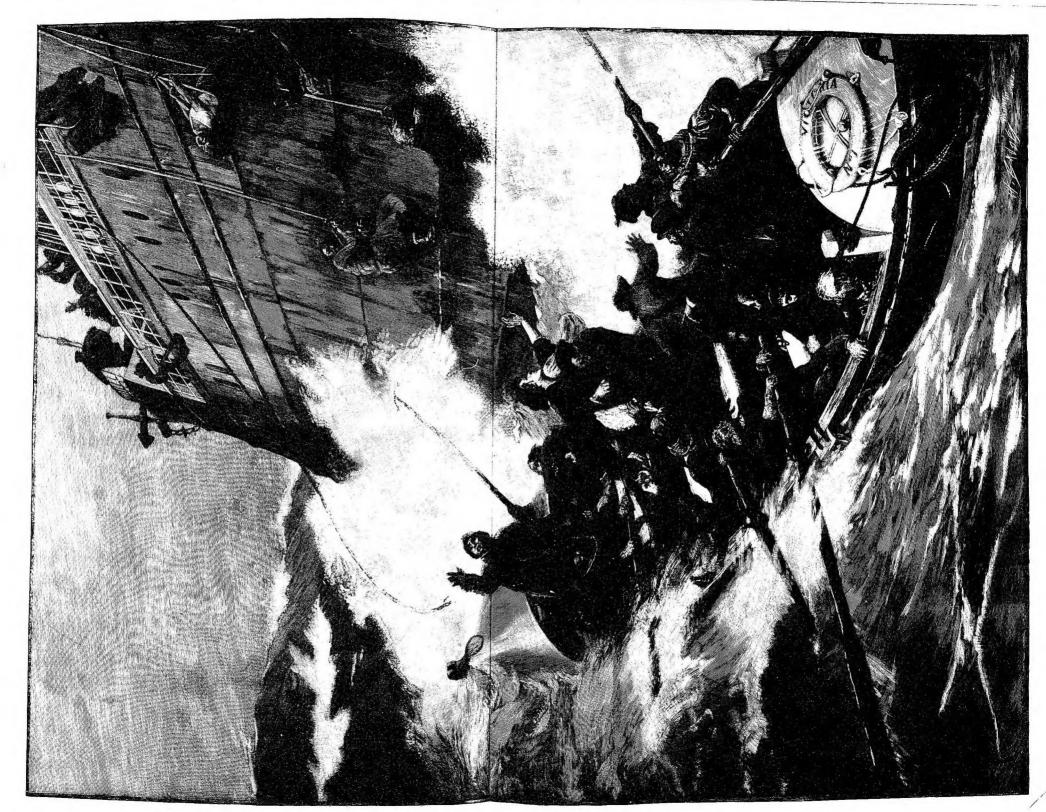
Most Australians have heard, at one time or other, of the big rush to the Kowmong Creek, and of how, though in the deep sinking never an ounce of gold was got, yet the "Bower-Bird Hill," from a depth of two inches to six feet, turned out to be one of the richest patches of "surface" ever found in the country: and it was a curious coincidence that, at a depth of a few inches only, on the very spot which the birds had used for building their bower upon, should be found the largest nugget on the field, weighing, if I remember aright, six pounds some odd ounces. We were, however, not in that find, having been granted our prospecting claim—by virtue of which each man was entitled to the ground of three—on the spot where Harry had first discovered "payable gold."

L. L.

The Reader

is a book which all those interested in the breeding of thoroughbreds would like to possess.

Celia Fiennes was daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, a Parliamentarian officer, and sister of the third Viscount Saye and Sele. Having indifferent health, combined with a certain love of adventure, and a laudable curiosity about her native country, she resolved to journey about England on horseback—"a souveraign remedy to cure or preserve ffrom these Epidemick diseases of vapours." She visited almost all the chief towns and health-resorts of the country, and during her wanderings kept a diary. This manuscript has come into the hands of a kinswoman, the Hon. Mrs. Griffiths, and by her it is published under the title, "Through England on a Side-Saddle in the Time of William and Mary" (Field and Tuer). The book is well worth reading, as any honest and exact account of our country in byegone times



"TO THE BOATS" FROM THE PICTURE BY P. DAWANT, EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON

The British Library

must always be. Mrs. Griffiths has altered nothing; she has even retained the old-fashioned spelling and contractions of the original. Almost everything Miss Fiennes tells us is interesting; her account of the method of taking the waters at Bath, of the Lord Mayor's Show, of Court pageants in London, of noblemen's houses in the country, of the state of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Her observations, it is true, are not learned or searching; they are just such impressions as an educated woman with open eyes would naturally receive. The merits of the book are its simplicity and its minuteness. There is, too, a certain pathos in the publication of these private diaries, intended only for the eyes of Miss Fiennes' near relations, so long after they were written, and in an age when changes in social life have completely altered the face of England.

Processor M. Umlauft's book on "The Alps" (Kegan Paul), of which an English translation has just been made by Louisa Brough, is one of the most important works on those mountains. There are

Processor M. Umlauft's book on "The Alps (fregain Tataly, which an English translation has just been made by Louisa Brough, is one of the most important works on those mountains. There are, of course, almost as many books on the Alps as there are peaks in the range; but Professor Umlauft's work differs from others in that it includes in one volume not only the topography of the entire range, but also an account of the scientific, historical, and ethnographical features of the great mountain system. It is a substantial work of 500 pages, packed full of facts, and evidently compiled with great care. The chapter on the geology of the Alps is lucid, and contains the latest facts. The topographical description, embracing the western, central, and eastern Alps, is carefully done and clearly arranged. The chapter on "Man in the Alps" is also a good one. There are many illustrations, all reproduced by wood-engraving, and some good maps. The translation is excellent. The book is a good example of German accuracy, labour, and method, and also, it may be said, of German dulness. It is a book to refer to, but not to read.

to read.

"The Origin of the Graces" is one of a series of publications designed by Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. to illustrate the state of Art in France during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The author of the present volume was one Mdlle. Dionis Duséjour, of whom little or nothing is known. Her book is of the conventional, pseudoclassical school, its characters being namby-pamby nymphs, weeping shepherds, and intriguing goddesses. It is the sort of stuff which sentimental young ladies of the day could have spun out by the ream in imitation of the classical pastoral. It is the illustrations which give the volume its interest. They are by Charles Nicholas Cochin, a prolific artist, who was connected with the Court of Louis XV., and who died during the height of the Revolution. Cochin was not only a skilful designer, but an engraver as well, and some of the engravings from his works now command high prices. This volume is illustrated by six copper-plates, the work of different hands. All are of high technical excellence, and, being carefully printed on good, hand-made paper, the engravings are of considerable value. The cover is embossed, and the series promises to be of interest.

That we have no School of Acting in England has long been one of the reproaches of our stage. The actor "picks up" his art how and where he can, less fortunate than the singer, who is at least taught how to produce his voice, and how to bear himself upon the stage. Among the teachers of declamation and deportment at the Musical Academies of London, Signor Gustave Garcia is one of the very first, and his book, "The Actor's Art" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), shows how thorough is the study he has devoted to the subject. If such things as voice-production, gesture, gait, and expression can be taught at all by books, this surely is the volume from which they may be learned. Signor Garcia discusses the subject from every point of view, and gives numerous exercises for the pupil to practise. His precepts are made clearer by a set of excellent drawings by Mr. A. Forestier. So admirable is the book, that it has speedily reached a second edition.

the subject from every point of view, and gives numerous exercises for the pupil to practise. His precepts are made clearer by a set of excellent drawings by Mr. A. Forestier. So admirable is the book, that it has speedily reached a second edition.

The "New General Atlas of the World," published by Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co., has many points to recommend it. It is an atlas and gazetteer combined, and it has, besides, a clearly-written account of the physical phenomena of the world. There are thirty-five maps, all of them printed in clear type. There are, besides, many smaller supplementary maps, showing important cities and their environs. Railways and steam-ship lines are given, with the distances from port to port. As an inexpensive atlas for

are thirty-five maps, all of them printed in clear type. There are, besides, many smaller supplementary maps, showing important cities and their environs. Railways and steam-ship lines are given, with the distances from port to port. As an inexpensive atlas for general use, it would be difficult to improve upon this.

That a clergyman should edit a dancing-master's book about the ballet seems, even in the days of the Church and Stage Guild, a curious social phenomenon. But in issuing "The Theory of Theatrical Dancing" (Frederick Verinder, 8, Duke Street, Adelphi), edited from Carlo Blasis' "Code of Terpsichore," the Rev. Stewart Headlam has a serious purpose in view. He believes that dancing is a difficult, a graceful, a moral, and, in a sense, a sacred art, which receives quite inadequate recognition in this country. It is to encourage and awaken the taste for the study of dancing that he has published this book, which is a very complete exposition of the art, founded on the work of one of the most famous Italian professors. The book has a literary flavour which makes it more than a mere instruction-book; and a series of excellent plates add much to its value.

"How We Are Governed" (Frederick Warne and Co.) Albance.

"How We Are Governed" (Frederick Warne and Co.) Albance.

"How We Are Governed" (Frederick Warne and Co.), Albany de Fonblanque's excellent book, has reached a sixteenth edition, and is now issued, revised and re-edited by W. J. Gordon. There is no other book in existence which gives in so clear and simple a way such a mass of facts upon subjects of which the great majority of men are lamentably ignorant.

such a mass of facts upon subjects of which the great majority of men are lamentably ignorant.

"Arm-Chair Essays," by the author of "Three-Cornered Essays" (Ward and Downey), is a volume which will bore no one during a lazy half hour. The papers are not profound, they are not cultured, they are not very well written. They are mere casual talk on casual things—weddings, ghosts, postage-stamps, walking-parties, suburbs, and so on; such talk as you would expect from a fairly educated fellow-traveller whom you may meet in a train or on a steamer.

Mr. J. Allanson Picton's "Oliver Cromwell" (Cassell and Co.) has reached a second edition. It is a good book, written with judgment and skill. The view is Carlyle's; but Mr. Picton is by no means a mere echo of Carlyle. His book is made the more interesting and instructive by frequent references to the political tendencies of our own time. Of popular books about Cromwell, this is perhaps the truest and best written.

An anonymous writer gives us in "Cross Lights" (Kegan Paul) six essays on literature or literary subjects. The author is evidently a man who thinks, and a man who can write. His essays are clever and suggestive, and here and there he gives out a reflection which is pleasantly fresh; as when he maintains that "the brdinary Greek in artistic matters was, above all, a realist," that Mr. Browning is the literary successor of Wordsworth (a theory worked out with much ingenuity), or that the omission of the character of Fortinbras from the acting-versions of Hamlet is a grave mistake, as the impulsive Norwegian Prince was intended by Shakespeare to be a foil to the speculative Hamlet. The last essay in the volume—that upon "Shakespeare on the Stage"—is thought out with great funess, and it contains much that is extremely applicable at the present moment. The book is one which it is a decided pleasure to read.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr has publicly denied that his study of "Macbeth and Lady Macbeth" (Bickers and Son) was written with any intention of explaining the conceptions of these characters as now played by Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum, and indeed there is nothing in the pamphlet to give colour to such a

statement beyond the fact that Mr. Carr quotes with interest and approval certain passages in which Mrs. Siddons pictured Lady Macbeth as a fair, frail woman. Mr. Carr's interpretation of the tragedy has at least the attraction of novelty and subtlety: he believes that it was Shakespeare's intention to offer "a sublime study of sexual contrast, a superb embodiment of the force and the weakness of the conjugal relation." This is the theory which he works out with some ingenuity in a pamphlet of some forty pages. The whole argument will appear to "the plain man" nothing more than one of those unwarranted refinements upon the text of Shakespeare which would amuse no one more than Shakespeare himself, could he come down to the Garrick Club to-day, and hear the thing discussed.



MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO.—Signor Tosti has composed the music for a group of six songs, which is well up to the mark of his acknowledged talent. "Ridonami La Calma" is a devotional poem, by Conrado Ricci. Of the same serious type is "Ici-Bas," words by Sully Prudhomme. The remaining four poems treat of love; they are: "Chanson d'Automne," by D'Armand Silvestre; "Mio Povero Amor," a romanzetta, by Enrico Panzacchi; "La Serenata," words by G. A. Cesareo; and "Luce d'Amore," by R. E. Pegliara. These songs are all published in three keys.—A charming little song is "Sweetheart and I," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Henri Logé.—The above-named poet has also supplied the pleasing words "Among the Roses," music by J. L. Roeckel; this song has already won well-deserved popularity.—The same may be said of "The Two Tides," written and composed by Cotsford Dick and Ciro Pinsuti.—"Could I But Know" is a pretty love ditty, words by Chevalier Edward Scovel, music by Lord Henry Somerset.—Quaint and very tender are the words of "Listen to What I Say" (Tirête a Renza), a popular Neapolitan song, written and composed by L. Mowbray Marras and L. Denza.—By this popular composer also is, "Do You Regret?" words by Arthur Chapman.—Carlo Clausetti has neatly transcribed for the pianoforte "Funiculi-Funicula," a well-known Italian song.—"Bérébé Polka," by J. Burgmein, is a bright little specimen of dance-music, which is played on the Universal Pitch Trumpet, a small and elegant instrument, recently invented, which has already achieved a great success in Italy and elsewhere.

great success in Italy and elsewhere.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—Two fairly good songs for the drawing room are "Silver Lilies," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Roeckel, of medium compass; and "Little People," words by Walter Parke and L. Barone.—Useful for school-room practice and drawing-room performance are "Four Sonatinas" by Henri Roubier.—The same may be said of "The Royal Standard Bearer," a grand march by Michael Watson, and "Des Aïles!" a study for the pianoforte by Benjamin Godard.—Four good examples of dance music are "The British Army Polka" and "The Midnight Dreams Valse," by Henry Klussmann; "Friendship," arranged by Franz Leideritz upon the well-known ballad "Our Hands Have Met, But Not Our Hearts;" and "Don't Tease Schottische," by Ezra Read.

Messes. Reid Brothers.—Cora Lynne has supplied the

Tease Schottische," by Ezra Read.

Messrs. Reid Brothers.—Cora Lynne has supplied the words for two songs, "Come To Me," of a very sentimental type, and "Uncle Tim," a sad little poem; the music of both songs is composed by Walter Wadham.—A capital song for a smoking concert is "The Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock," written and composed by W. J. Devers.—"The Lyric Gavotte," by H. Hawkins, is quaint and tuneful.—"Le Rivage Waltz," by Franz Wehl, may be commended alike for its pretty music and dainty frontispiece.—The startling, not to say ugly, frontispiece of "The Ace of Hearts Polka," by Julian L'Estrange, scarcely tempts us to try the music, which is fairly good.

#### STREET CONJURORS

The art of street-conjuring is by no means easy, as is apparent from the very small number of street exhibitors of legerdemain that we come across. To become an ordinary conjuror (by which I mean one who never performs outside four walls, or, what is more to the point, without one a very few paces behind him, between which and himself no spectators are allowed) requires hours and hours of practice and thought—practice in the solitude of his chamber; practice before a looking-glass, in which he can watch and note the movements of his hands as they appear to the audience; and practice before kindly friends who are in the secret, and are ready to point out faults and give suggestions; and thought as to how he may wrap up "the sleight," the mainspring of the trick, in the most effective surroundings and "patter," as the conversation and remarks of the performer are professionally called, so as to mystify and astonish his audience to the fullest extent. I say the ordinary art of the conjuror is no easy one, and, further, that that of a street-performer is an excessively difficult one. Think a moment. He is hedged in before, behind, and on both sides of him by a lynx-eyed crowd, he has no chance of making that deceptive half-turn, or taking those convenient few steps back to a stage or platform, when he is able to convey something to his secret pockets, or snatch something from beneath his waistcoat. Whichever way he turns he has an audience in front of him. Again, he cannot make use of the all-important servante, or ledge, hidden behind the table, which accounts for the production and disappearance of so many things. For him there is no inner-side to his table. And, lastly, he cannot employ a "trick-table," with its arrangement of pistons, traps, and levers. His audience is far too close for that, and therefore he has to depend for his success entirely on the neatness and skilfulness of his manipulation and his linguistic fluency and powers of deception.

fluency and powers of deception.

As I write these lines, I have in my eye a dapper little man who might often be seen in the exercise of his profession in the side streets of London, a very favourite "pitch" of his being Villiers Street, Strand; and I confess that, over and over again, I have, with sincere pleasure, broken the law, if it be breaking the law, by throwing him coppers in order to induce him to exhibit more of his mysteries. In appearance he was by no means remarkable; there was nothing about him to attract attention. He was slenderly made—wore a black cloth coat and a stiff billycock hat—neither was his visible stock of apparatus great, consisting as it did of a small folding table covered with red baize and a shut-up wicker basket. And yet that man was able to produce guinea-pigs from the hats of his audience in a most astounding manner. His modus operandi when giving a performance was something after this wise. He commenced by opening and setting up his table, and, taking a pack of cards from his pocket, began shuffling them. In a very few minutes a ring of spectators began to assemble, and then his "patter" came into play. He talked easily, and to the point, varying his remarks by extracting groups of cards from various people's pockets. As soon as he perceived that he had raised public expectation to the required pitch, he borrowed, or rather took, a small boy's cap, and, placing it on the ground in front of his table, invited the contributions of his audience. These came sometimes generously, some times the reverse; and it was always a matter for speculation to me whether

he arranged his performance according to his receipts, displaying his better tricks when the copper-shower was abundant, and the less showy ones when the collection was meagre. After causing a card to change its value, its suit, and its colour, in the most inexplicable manner to the open-mouthed spectators, and apparently throwing it over the opposite house-top, only to find it directly afterwards in the pocket of one of his audience, he would pass on to a trick in which he changed halfpence to a scrap of paper, and vice versa, and would take that opportunity of showing how he could "palm," that is, hold concealed in the palm of his open hand twelve halfpence, one on top of the other, a feat I know no other performer able to accomplish. But the police were to a man his enemies, and he was sure to be moved on after the exhibition of a few of his wonders. Perhaps this moving on was good for trade; and, seeking "fresh woods and pastures new," he collected a different audience, whose pockets were realy to be tapped. So much for our performer from an artistic point of view; he has afforded a motley gathering a few minutes' innocent and puzzling amusement. And what of him from a moral aspect? He surely has done no harm; he has earned his emolument, you have received good value for the copper you have thrown him in the amusement you have derived from his skill. It has not been a one-sided bargain, and he has certainly not vitiated your artistic appreciation like the street draughtsman in chalks by bad drawing and more than doubtful perspective.

Nor has our conjuror pained our ears and musical susceptibilities by a rendering, woefully out of tune, of "'Tis But a Little Faded Flower," or "The Death of Nelson." Neither has he informed us that he has got no work to do, but, on the contrary, has shown us that he has found some for himself, and has accomplished it in a highly satisfactory manner.

highly satisfactory manner.

And, lastly, in his exhibition, there has been no trace nor suggestion of cruelty to dumb animals, as there is—rightly or wrongly I will not say—in the performances of trained dogs, "Happy Families," and even "Punch and Judy," where Toby often comes in for an accidental rap on the nose when fighting Mr. Punch; nor even cruelty, or, at least, risk to himself, as there seems to be in the exertions of the man to free himself after being tied up with considerable energy by a strong-handed spectator, or in the throwing over his head of a hundredweight by the artist who holds the same on a wooden slab gripped by his teeth.

on a wooden stad gripped by his teeth.

These last two may be curious feats; but they are not pleasant nor refined ones to watch. Purple faces, starting eyes, and overstrained muscles present no beauties. There is nothing of this kind with the street conjuror. The charm of his performance is the absolute ease and repose with which he performs his task. To be worth anything his must be a graceful performance; and, as such, if street performers—so long as they do not impede the traffic—are to be encouraged, he is worth encouragement.

S. G.

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES has made a selection from his three volumes of Irish Lyrics, "Songs of Killarney," "Irish Songs and Ballads," and "Songs of Old Ireland," to which he has given the title "Father O'Flynn, and Other Irish Lyrics" (Swan Sonnenschein). Most of the verses are racy with that vivacious Celtic humour, characteristic of the popular and familiar poem, which gives a title to this volume, and in which one of the brigh.est stanzas runs:—

And though quite avoiding all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

It is a pity perhaps that Mr. H. B. W. Garrick, Assistant Archæologist to the Government of India, did not choose prose as likely to be a more lucid vehicle for the conveyance of his special knowledge than the Spenserian stanza. As it is, "India, a Descriptive Poem" (Trübner), with the "few archaisms" which the writer deems not inappropriate, will be "caviare to the general." The idea of the poem is the employment of the ancient sites and architecture of India for the illustration of her history—a valuable idea in itself, inasmuch as it substitutes, as Mr. Garrick observes, "for the fragmentary and often doubtful MSS. of native and foreign historians or their copyists, monumental testimony which can never be changed: the testimony of the inscribed or sculptured stone; of existing buildings; of buried and exhumed cities; and of the vast rivers of this vast land." We may quote four concluding lines of a stanza as a specimen of the writer's verse and verbiage:—

The love-song gather'd now around the act,
Name, incident, that age withal, but gain
More vividness, sith they be leal Fact:
These cull'd the minstrel wight, in one great lay compact.

Though it has, as its second title, "Eastern Songs," Mr. H. Hailstone's "Musæ Evæ" (W. Tomlin) has no connection with the Orient. Its seat is the Fen Country, with its sedgy meres, its ruddy willow-lines, and emerald grass-lands. There is not only facility, but grace and charm, in the verse wherein he portrays the Nature he so evidently loves. It is not easy to make a selection for special praise where all is more or less excellent; but "The Drove Cottage" contains light and pretty verse. Here, for example, are two stanzas:

Here a pleasant fenner's cot From vain eyes reposes— 'Tis a willow-clustered spot, Per'umed all with roses. Round lush elder bushes twine With white heads unbidden; 'Neath their sprays of eglantine

A very interesting volume is Miss Jeanie Morrison's "Gordon; an Our-Day Idyll" (Kegan Paul). The author tells us that her aim has been "simply to focus a few scattered rays from the records of a real life in our own days lived among us." The verse is not ambitious; but it is signified by its theme, the details of an heroic career constituting in itself a poem in fact.

Mr. Alfred Austin has had published in cheap and tasteful form—

Mr. Alfred Austin has had published in cheap and tasteful form it only costs sixpence—his patriotic poem which recently appeared in the *National Review*, "Look Seaward, Sentinel" (W. II. Allen).

CHINESE STOICISM IN ENDURING TERRIBLE PAIN has often been commented on, and was recently practically illustrated at the foreign hospital at Moukden, Northern China. A native presented himself for treatment, bringing his coffin with him. He told the chief medical officer, "All that our own doctors can do is useless, and I am come to you, not because you can cure me, but just to show that I will not throw away any chance." The doctor informed him that he would have to undergo a serious operation, which might ki.l, but might also cure. So the patient submitted with the utmost coolness, after giving the doctor the necessary security in case of death, and also having his coffin put ready. Happily he was cured.



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C. Some of the new models from Paris have a distinctive and quite novel genre. Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street, are showing dresses that merit a special description. One is of the tea-gown style -a style that is to find great favour this year. This is of black nun's veiling, and has a front of grey-white veiling in accordeon pleats reaching from throat to feet. The jet trimming is brought down the front, falling away at the side in a very graceful fashion. A small pad just keeps the perfectly-cut back from falling in at the feet, but no more. The set of this garment is perfect, and the general appearance very simple, but, like all becoming simplicity, the result of the highest art. An evening dress, which is more striking—more seyant—is of black and white strangely and very prettily blended. Half the corsage, from the right shoulder to the left side, is white; the other half black. The crossway tulle draperies correspond, the black being powdered and fringed with jet, and the white with crystal. On the white shoulder stands a high black butterfly bow, on the black shoulder a white one. The back of the skirt, which touches the ground en demi-train, is composed of folds of voile de nonne, over which is thrown a veil of white spotted net. The front is of white silk, trimmed with long bands of black and white ribbon placed diagonally, and reaching from waist to feet, the white fringed with flat crystal drops, the black with jet. Reproduced in black and grey, or in grey and white, as Messrs. Jay are contemplating, this toilette would be an ideal one."

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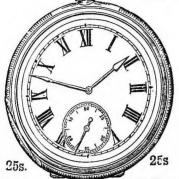
"Every department is replete with new fashions, from gloves and hosiery to the most costly silks and brocades. In silks there are several specialities, one being the soie Royale, the material par excellence of the season, for rich mourning costumes and mantles. Regence is another silken novelty. Soie éclat comes next as a rich-looking silk at moderate price, followed by cachemire Royale, both specialities of Mr. Jay's. The latter is a grenadine silk, with a little wool introduced to give it a cashmore touch; it looks like extremely rich cashmere, and has a silken back. It is particularly effective with crape. Some of the brocade prepared for Court trains are magnificent. In thinner fabrics there are silk warp armures, with broché designs suitable for evening or fetê dresses. The broché, or figured nun's veilings, and the thicker nun's cloth, the light camel's hair, and a fine French twill serge, are all to be fashionable. In the mantle department there are many beautiful examples of what taste and talent can achieve in materials and fashions. Long and short mantles seem to be equally popular; and dull and bright jet, rich tape guipure, and French lace ornament everything. There is considerable novelty in tea gowns, one of silk and brocade having the front composed of two long pieces, which form the full bodice, tie over at the waist, and fall in long scarf ends, edged with frills of muslin. In dinner gowns there is a most effective model, which is neither quite Directoire nor Regence, but represents both styles. There are some most becoming hats and bonnets, notably in the toque, Medicis, and Empire styles. One in the first-named was with black tulle and narrow ribbon run in round and round, strings of three lengths of the same ribbon, and a spray of lilac supporting a bow of black tulle. The hats are particularly becoming."



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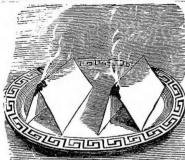
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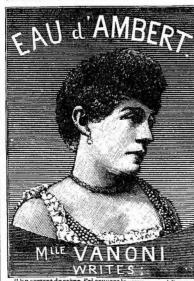
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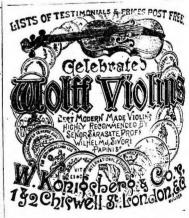
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